Tamburlaine the Greate:

VVho, from the state of a Shepheard in Scythia, by his rare and wonderfull Conquests, became a most puissant and mighty Monarque.

LONDON
Printed for Edward White, and are to be solde at the little North doore of Saint Paules Church, at the signe of the Gunne.
1605.

To the Gentlemen Readers and others, that take pleasure in reading Histories.

GEntlemen, and curteous Readers whosoeuer: I haue heere published in Print for your sakes, this tragicall discourse of the Scythian Shepheard, Tamberlaine, that became so great a Conquerour, and so mighty a Monarque: My hope is, that it will bee now no lesse acceptable vnto you to reade after your serious affaires and studies, then it hath bene (lately) delightfull for manye of you to see, when the same was shewed in London vpon Stages: I haue (purposely) omitted and left out some fond and friuolous iestures, digressing (and in my poore opinion) farre vnmeete for the matter, which I thought, might seeme more tedious vnto the wise, then any way else to be regarded, though (happilye) they haue bene of some vaine conceited fondlings greatly gaped at, what times they were shewed vppon the Stage in their graced deformities: neuertheless now, to bee mingled in print with such matter of worth, it would proue a great disgrace to so honorable and stately a History: Great follye were it in me, to commend vnto your wisdomes, eyther the eloquēce of the Authour that writte it, or the worthinesse of the

To the Reader.

matter it selfe: I therefore leaue it vnto your learned censures, & my selfe the poore Printer thereof vnto your moste curteous and fauourable protections, which if you vouchsafe to doe, you shall euer more binde me to imploy what trauell and seruice I can to the aduauncing and pleasuring of your excellent degree.

Yours moste at commandement.

R. I. Printer.

THE TRAGICALL *Conqueſtes of* Tamburlaine *the* Scythian Shepheard, &c.

The Prologue.

From jygging vaines of ryming mother wits,
And ſuch conceites as clownage keepes in pay:
Weele lead you to the ſtately tent of Warre.
Where you ſhall heare the Scythian *Tamburlaine*,
Threatning the world with high aſtounding termes,
And ſcourging kingdomes with his conquering ſword,
View but his Picture in this tragicke glaſſe,
And then applaud his fortunes as you pleaſe.

Actus 1. Scæna. 1.

Mycetes, Coſroe, Meander, Theridamas. Ortygius, Cenceus, with others.

Mycetes.

Brother Coſroe, I finde my ſelfe agreeu'd,
Yet in ſufficient to expreſſe the ſame:
For it requires a great and thundring ſpeech
Good Brother tell the cauſe vnto my Lords,
I knowe you haue a better wit than I.

Coſ. Vnhappie Perſia, that in former age.
Haſt beene the ſeat of mightie Conquerors,
That in their proweſſe and their pollicies,
Haue trympthoner Affrica, and the bounds
Of Europe, where the ſunne dares ſcarce appeare,

For freezing meteors and conceal'd colde:
Now to be rulde and gouerned by a man,
At whose birth day Cinthia with Saturne ioynd,
And Ioue, the Sunne and Mercury deuide
To shed his influence in his fickle braine,
Now Turkes & Tartars shake their swords at thee,
Meaning to mangle all thy Prouinces.
Mycet Brother, I see your meaning well enough,
And through your Planets, I perceiue you thinke
I am not wise enough to be a King,
But I referre me to my Noble men,
That know me wit, and can be witnesses:
I might commaund you to bee slaine for this,
Meander might I not?
Meand. Not for so small a fault my soueraigne Lord.
Mycet. I meane it not, but yet I knowe I might,
Yet liue, yea liue, Mycetes wils it so,
Meander, thou my faithfull Counsellor,
Declare the cause of my conceiued griefe,
Which is (God knowes) about that Tamburlaine,
That like a Fox in midst of harvest time,
Doth pray vppon my flockes of Passengers,
And as I heare, doth meane to pull my plumes,
Therefore tis good and meete for to be wise.
Meand. Oft haue I heard your Maiestie complaine.
Of Tamburlaine, that sturdie Scythian theefe,
That robs your Merchants of Persepolis,
Treading by land vnto the Westerne Isles,
And in your confines with his lawles traine,
Dayly commits vncivil outrages.
Hoping (misse-led by dreaming prophesies)
To raigne in Asia, and with Barbarous Armes,
To make himselfe the Monarch of the East:
But ere he march in Asia, or display
His vagrant Ensigne in the Persian fields,
Your Grace hath taken order by Theridamas,
Charg'd with a thousand Horse to apprehend

And bring him Captiue to your Highnes throane.
Myce. Ful true y speakst, and like thy selfe my Lord,
Whome I may tearme a Damon for thy loue.
Therefore tis best, if so it like you all,
To send my thousand Horse incontinent,
To apprehend that paltrie Scythian.
How like you this, my honorable Lords?
Is it not a kingly resolution.
Cosr. It cannot choose, because it comes from you.
Myce. Then heare thy charge, valiant Theridamas
The chiefe Captaine of Mycetes Hosse,
The hope of Persia, and the verie legges
Whereon our state doth leane, as on a staffe,
That holdes vs vp, and foiles our neighbour foes,
Thou shalt be leader of this thousand Horse,
Whose foming galle with rage and high disdaine,
Haue swome the death of wicked Tamberlaine,
Goe frowning forth, but come thou smiling home,
As did Sir Paris with the Grecian Dame,
Returne with speede, time passeth swift away,
Our life is fraile, and we may die to day.
Ther. Before the Moone renew her borrowed light,
Doubt not my Lord and gratious Soueraigne,
But Tamburlaine, and that Tartarian rout,
Shall eyther perish by our warlike hands.
Or plead for mercie at your Highnesse feete.
Myce. Goe, stout Theridamas, thy words are swords,
And with thy lookes thou conquerest all thy foes,
I long to see thee backe returne from thence,
That I may view these milke white steedes of mine,
all loaden with the heads of killed men,
and from their knees euen to their hookes belowe,
Besmer'd with blood that makes a daintie showe.
The. Then now my Lord, I humbly take my leane.
Myc. Theridamas farwell ten thousand times. (Exit.
ah, Menaphon, why stayest thou thus behinde,
When other men preasse forward for renowne.

Ore

Goe Menaphon, goe into Scythia,
and foote by foote followe Theridamas:
Cos. Nay, pray let him stay: a greater
Fits Menaphon, then warring with a theefe:
Creat him Prorer of all Affrica,
That he may winne the Babylonians hearts,
Which will revolt from Persean government,
Unlesse they have a wyser King than you.
Myce. Unlesse they have a wyser King then you,
These are his words, Meander set them downe.
Cos. And adde this to them, that all Asia,
Lament to see the follie of their King.
Myc. Well heere I sweare by this my royall seate,
Cos. You may doe well to kisse it then.
Myc. Embost with silke as best beseemes my state,
To be reveng'd for these contemptuous words.
D'where is dustie and allegeance now?
Fled to the Caspean or the Ocean maine?
What, shall I call thee Brother? No, a foe,
Monster of Nature, shame unto thy stocke,
That dar'st presume thy Soueraigne for to mocke.
Meander come, I am abus'd Meander. Exit.
Manent Cosroe and Menaphon.
Mena. How now my Lord? what: mated and amazed
To heare the King thus threaten like himselfe?
Cos. Ah Menaphon, I passe not for his threates,
The plot is laide by Persean Noblemen.
and Captaines of the Medean garrisons,
To Crowne me Emperour of Asia,
But this it is that doth excruciate
The verie substance of my vexed soule,
To see our neighbours that were wont to quake,
and tremble at the Persian Monarkes name,
Now fits and laughes, our regiment to scorne,
and that which might dissolve me into teares,
Men from the farthest Equinoctiall line,
Have swarm'd in troopes into the Easterne India,

Leading

Lading their shippes with golde and precious stones,
and made their spoiles from all our provinces.
Mena. This should intreate your highnesse to revenge
Since fortune giues you opportunitie,
To gaine the title of a Conqueror,
By curing of this maimed Emperye,
Affricke and Europe bordering on your land,
and continent to your Dominions:
How easily may you with a mightie hoste,
Hast into Græcia, as did Cyrus oute.
and cause them to withdraw their forces home.
Least they subdue the pride of Christendome. (sounds,
Cos. But Menaph. what meanes this trumpets
Mena. Behold, my Lord Ortigius, and the rest,
Bringing the Crowne to make you Emperour.
Enter Ortigius & Conerus bearing a Crowne,
with others.
Ort. Magnificent and Mightie Prince Cosroe,
We in the name of other Persean states,
And commons of this mightie Monarchy,
Present thee with th'Emperiall Diadem.
Cone. The warlike Souldiers, and the Gentlemen
That heeretofore haue fild Persepolis
With Affricke Captaines, taken in the field:
Whose ransome made them march in coates of golde
With costly iewels hanging at their eares,
And shining stones vpon their costlie Crestes,
Now lining idle in the walled townes
Wanting both pay and martiall discipline,
Begin in troopes to threaten ciuill warres
And openly exclaime against the King.
Therefore to stay all sodaine mutinies,
We will inuest your Highnesse Emperour;
Whereat the Souldiers will conceiue more ioy,
Then did the Macedonians at the spoyle
Of great Darius and his wealthy hoast.
Cosro. Well, since I see the state of Persea droope,

And languish in my Brothers government:
I willingly receiue th'imperiall Crowne,
And vow to weare it for my countries good:
In spight of them shall malice my estate.
Ortig. And in assurance of desir'd successe,
We heere doe crowne thee Monarch of the east,
Emperour of Asia and of Persia,
Great Lord of Medea and Armenia:
Duke of Affrica and Albania,
Mesopotamia and of Parthia.
East India and the late discouered Iles,
Cheefe Lord of all the wide vast Euxine sea.
And of the riuer raging Caspian Lake:
All. Long liue Cosroe mightie Emperour.
Cosr. And Ioue may neuer let me longer liue
Then I may seeke to gratifie your loue,
And cause the Soulders that thus honour me,
To triumph ouer many Prouinces,
By whose desires of discipline in armes,
I doubt not shortly but to raigne sole King,
And with the Armie of Theridamas,
Whether we presently will flie (my Lords)
To rest secure against my brothers force. (crowne,
Ortig. We knowe my Lord, before we brought the
Intending your investion so neere,
The residence of your dispised Brother,
The Lords would not be too exasperate
To injurie or suppresse your worthy tytle.
Or if they would: there are in readines
Ten thousand horse to carrie you from hence,
In spite of all suspected enemies.
Cosr. I knowe it well my Lord, and thanke you all.
Ortig. Sound vp the Trumpets then,
All. God saue the King. Exeunt.

Actus. 1. Scœna. 2.

Tamburlaine leading Zenocrate, Techelles, Vsumcasane, & other Lordes and Souldiers loden with treasure.

Ta. COme Lady let not this appale your thoughts
The Jewels and the treasure we haue tane.
Shall be reseru'd and you in better state,
Than if you were arriu'd in Siria.
Euen in the Circle of your Fathers armes,
The mightie Souldan of Egyptia.

Zeno. Ah Shepheard, pittie my distressed plight,
(If as thou seem'st, thou art so meane a man)
and seeke not to inrich thy followers,
By lawlesse rapine from a silly maide:
Who trauelling with these Medean Lordes,
To Memphis from my vncles countrie of Meda,
Where all my youth I haue beene gouerned,
Haue past the armie of the mightie Turke,
Bearing his priuie signet and his hand,
To safe conduct vs through Affrica:

Mag. and since we haue arriu'd in Scythia,
Besides rich presents from the puissant Cham,
We haue his highnes letters to commaund
aide and assistance if we stand in neede.

Tam. But now you see these letters & commaunds,
are countermaunded by a greater man.
and through my prouinces you must expect
Letters of conduct from my mightinesse,
If you intend to keepe your treasure safe.
But since I loue to liue at libertie:
as easily may you get the Souldans Crowne,
as any pulles out of my precinct.
For they are friends that helpe to weane my state,
Till men and kingdomes helpe to strengthen it,
and must maintaine my life exempt from seruitude.
But tell me Madam, is your grace betroth'd

Zen. I am (my Lord) for so you doe import.

Tam. I am a Lord, for so my deedes shall proone,
and yet a Shepheard by my Parentage:
But Lady, this faire face and heauenly hew,
Must grace his bed, that conquers Asia:
and meanes to be a terror to the world,
Measuring the limits of his Empire
By east and west, as Phoebus doth his course:
Lye heere ye weedes that I disdaine to weare,
This compleat armour, and this Curtle-axe,
are adiuncts more beseeming Tamburlaine:
and Madam, whatsoeuer you esteeme
Of this successe, and losse vnualued,
Both may inuest you Empresse of the east,
and these that seeme but silly countrie Swaines,
May haue the leading of so greate an hoste,
as with their waight shall make ỳ mountaines quake
Euen as when windy exhalations,
Fighting for passage, tilt within the earth.

Tec. As princely Lyons when they rouse themselues
stretching their pawes, & threatning beards of beastes:
So in his Armour looketh Tamburlaine.
Me thinks I see Kings kneeling at his feete,
And he with frowning browes and fierie lookes,
Spurning their crownes from off their captiue heads.

Vsu. And making thee and me Techelles Kings,
That euen to death will followe Tamburlaine.

Tam. Nobly resolu'd, sweete friendes and followers
These Lords (perhaps) doe scorne our estimates,
And thinke we prattle with distempered spirits.
But since they measure our desarts so meane,
That in conceite beare Empires on our speares,
Affecting thoughts coequall with the cloudes,
They shall be kept our forced followers,
Till with their eyes they view vs Emperours.

Zen. The Gods, defenders of the innocent,
Will never prosper your intended driftes,
That thus oppresse poore friendles passengers.

Therefore

Therefore, at least admit vs libertie,
Euen as thou hop'st to be eternized,
By liuing Asias mightie Emperour.
Agid. I hope our Ladies treasure and our owne,
May serue for ransome to our liberties:
Returne our Mules and emptie Camels backe,
That we may trauaile into Siria
Where her betrothed Lord Alcidamus,
Expects th'arriuall of her highnes person.
Mag. And whersoeuer we repose our selues,
We will report but well of Tamburlaine.
Tam. Disdaines Zenocrate to liue with me?
Or you my Lordes to be my followers?
Thinke you I way this treasure more than you?
Not all the Golde in Indias wealthy armes,
Shall buy the meanest Souldier in my traine.
Zenocrate louelyer then the loue of Ioue,
Brighter then is the siluer Rhodope,
Fairer than whitest snow on Scythian hills,
Thy person is more worthy to Tamburlaine,
Then the possession of the Persean Crowne
Which gracious starres haue promist at my birth.
A hundreth Tartars shall attend on thee,
Mounted on Steedes swifter then Pegasus,
Thy Garments shal be made of Medean silke,
Enchast with precious iewels of mine owne:
More rich and valurous than Zenocrates:
With milke-white Harts vpon an Ivorie Sled,
Thou shalt be drawne amidst the frosen Poles,
And scale the Isye mountaines lofty tops,
Which with thy beautie will be soone resolu'd.
My Martiall prises with fiue hundred men,
Wun on the fiftie headed Voulgas wanes,
We all shall offer to Zenocrate,
And then my selfe to faire Zenocrate.
Tech. What now? in loue?
Tam. Techelle, women must be flattered,

But this is she with whome I am loue.

Enter a Souldier.

Sould. Newes, newes.

Tamb. How now, what's the matter?

Sould. A thousand Persean Horsemen are at hand,
Sent from the King to ouercome vs all.

Tam. How now my Lords of Egypt & Zenocrate?
Now must your iewels be restor'd againe:
And I that triumph, so be ouercome.
How say you Lordings, is not this your hope?

Agid. We hope your selfe wil willingly restore the.

Tam. Such hope, such fortune haue ỹ thousand horse.
Soft ye my Lords and sweete Zenocrate,
You must be forced from me ere you goe:
A thousand horsemen, wee fiue hundred foote:
An odds to great, for vs to stand against:
But are they rich? and is their armour good? (golde

Soul. Their plumed helmes are wrought with beaten
Their swords enameled, and about their neckes
Hangs massie chaines of Golde downe to the waste,
In euery part exceeding braue and rich.

Tam. Then shall we fight couragiously with them,
Or looke you I should play the Orator?

Tech. No: cowards and faint-harted run-awaies,
Looke for Orations when the foe is neere,
Our swords shall play the Orators for vs. (ops,

Vsum. Come let vs meete them at the mountaine
And with a suddaine and an hot alarme
Driue all their horses headlong downe the hill.

Tech. Come let vs march.

Tam. Stay Techelles, aske a parlee first.

The Souldiers enter.

Open the Gates, yet guard the treasure sure,
Lay out our golden wedges to the view,
That their reflections may amaze the Persians,
And looke we friendly on them when they come:
But if they offer word or violence.

Weele

Weele fight fiue hundred men at armes to one,
Before we part with our possession.
And gainst the generall we will lift our swords,
And eyther lance his greedy thirsting throate,
Or take him prisoner, and his chaine shall serue
For Manackles till he be ransom'd home.
Tech. I heare them come, shall we incounter them?
Tam. Keepe all your standings, and not stir a foote,
My selfe will bide the danger of the brunt.

Enter Theridamas with others.

Ther. Where is the Scythian Tamburlaine?
Ta. Whõe seekst thou Persean? I am Tamburlaine
Ther. Tamburlaine a Scythian shepheard so imbelli-
With natures pride, and richest furniture? (shed
His lookes do menace heauen and dare the Gods,
His fierie eyes are fixt vpon the earth,
As if he now deuis'd some Stratageme:
Or ment to pierce Auernas darkesome vaults,
To pull the triple headed dog from hell.
Tam. Noble and milde this persean seemes to bee,
If outward habit iudge the inward man.
Tech. His deepe affections make him passionate.
Tam. With what a Maiestie he reares his lookes,
In thee (thou valiant man of Persea)
I see the folly of the Emperour.
Art thou but Captaine of a thousand Horse.
That by Characters grauen in thy browes,
And by thy martiall face and stout aspect,
Deseru'st to haue the leading of an hoste?
Forsake thy King and doe but ioyne with me,
And we will tryumph ouer all the world:
I holde the Fates bound fast in yron chaines,
And with my hand turne fortunes wheele about,
and sooner shall the Sunne fall from his spheare,
Then Tamburlaine be slaine or ouer-come.
Draw foorth thy sword thou mightie man at armes,
Intending but to rase my charmed skinne,

and Ioue himselfe will stretch his hand from heauen,
To warde the blow, and shield me safe from harme.
See how he raines downe heapes of golde in showers
as if he ment to giue my Souldiours pay!
and as a sure and grounded argument,
That I shall be the Monarke of the East,
He sends this Souldans Daughter rich and braue,
To be my Queene and portly Empresse,
If thou wilt stay with me, renowned man.
and leade thy thousand horse with my conduct,
Besides thy share of this Egiptian prize,
Those thousand horse shall sweate with martial spoile
Of conquered Kingdomes and of Cities sackt.
Both we will walke vpon the lofty cliftes,
and Christian Merchants that with Russians freight,
Plow vp huge furrowes in the Caspian sea,
Shall vayle to vs, as Lordes of all the lake:
Both we will raigne as consuls of the earth,
and mightie Kinges shall be our Senators,
Ioue sometime masked in a Shepheards weede,
and by those steps that he hath scal'd the heauens,
May we become immortall like the Gods.
Ioyne with me now in this my meane estate,
(I call it meane, because being yet obscure,
The Nations farre remou'd admire me not)
and when my name and honor shall be spread,
as farre as Boreas claps his brasen winges,
Or faire Bootes sends his cheerefull light,
Then shalt thou be competitor with me,
and sit with Tamburlaine in all his Maiestie.

Ther. Not Hermes prolocutor to the Gods
Could vse perswasions more pathetically.

Tam. Nor are Apollos Oracles more true,
Then thou shalt finde my vaunts substantiall.

Tech. We are his friends, and if the Persian King
Should offer present Dukedomes to our state,
We thinke it losse to make exchange for that.

Wil

We are assured of by our frien[illegible],
Vsum. And kingdomes at the [illegible] all expect,
Besides the honor in assured conqu[illegible]
Where Kings shal crouch vnto our co[illegible]ering swords,
And hostes of Souldiours stand amaz'[illegible]t vs,
When with their fearefull tongues the[illegible] shall confesse,
These are the men that all the world ad[illegible]es,
Ther. What strong enchauntments tice my yeelding
Are these resolued Noble Scithians? (soule?
But shall I prooue a Traytor to my King?
Tam. No, but the trusty friend of Tamburlaine.
Ther. Won with thy wordes, and conquered with thy
I yeeld my selfe, my men and horse to thee (looks,
To be partaker of thy good or ill,
As long as life maintaines Theridamas.
Tam. Theridamas my friend take heere my h[illegible],
Which is as much as if I swore by heauen,
And cal'd the Gods to witnesse of my vow,
Thus shall my heart be still combinde with thine,
Untill our bodies turne to elements:
And both our soules aspire celestiall thrones.
Techelles and Casane, welcome him.
Tech. Welcome renowned Persean to vs all.
Cas. Long may Theridamas remaine with vs.
Tam. These are my friends, in whom I more reioyce
Then doth the King of Persea in his Crowne:
And by the loue of Pyllades and Orestes,
Whose statues we adore in Scythia,
Thy selfe and them shall neuer part from me,
Before I crowne you King in Asia.
Make much of them gentle Theridamas,
And they will neuer leaue thee till the death.
Ther. Nor thee, nor them, thrice Noble Tamburlaine,
Shall want my heart to be with gladnes peirc'd,
To doe you honor and securitie.
Tam. A thousand thankes worthy Theridamas,
And now faire Madam, and my Noble Lordes,

If you willi[illegible]me with me.
You shall ha[illegible], as your merrits be:
Or else you sh[illegible] forc'd with flauerie.
Agid. Uue [illegible]eld vnto thee happie Tamburlaine.
Tam. For [illegible]ou then Madam, I am out of doubt.
Zeno. I m[illegible] be pleas'd perforce wretched Zenocrate.
Actus. 2. Scæna. 2. (Exeunt.

Cosroe, Menophon, Ortygius, Ceneus, with other Souldiers.

Cosroe. Thus farre are wee towards Theridamas,
And valiant Tamburlaine, ẏ man of fame,
The man that in the forhead of his fortune,
Beares figures of renowne and myracle:
But tell me, that hast seene him Menophon,
Uu[illegible]stature weilds he, and what personage?
M[illegible]. Of stature tall, and straightly fashioned,
Lik[illegible]is desire, lift vpwards and diuine.
So [illegible]rge of limmes, his ioynts so strongly knit,
S[illegible] breadth of shoulders as might mainely beare,
O[illegible]e Atlas burthen, twixt his manly pitch,
[illegible]earle more worth, then all the world is plast:
Uuherein by curious soueraintie of art,
are fixt his pearcing instruments of sight,
Uuhose fiery cyrcles beare encompassed,
a heauen of heauenly bodies in their Spheares:
That guides his steps and actions to the throane.
Uuhere honor sits inuested royally:
Pale of complexion: wrought in him with passion,
Thirsting with soueraintie and loue of armes,
His loftie browes in foldes, doe figure death,
and in their smoothnes, amitie and life:
about them hangs a knot of Amber haire,
Wrapped in curles as fierce Achilles was,
On which the breath of heauen delights to play,
Making it dance with wanton Maiestie.
His armes long, his fingers snowy-white,
Betokening valour and excesse of strength,

In eue-

In euery part proportioned like the man
Should make the world subdue to Tamburlaine.
Cros. Wel hast ẏ pourtraid in thy tearmes of life,
The face and personage of a wondrous man:
Nature doth striue with fortune and his Stars,
To make him famous in accomplisht worth,
And well his merrits show him to be made
His fortunes Maister, and the King of men,
That could perswade at such a suddaine pinch,
With reasons of his valour and his life
a thousand sworne and ouermatching foes,
then when our powers in pointes of swords are ioyn'd
and closde in compasse of the killing bullet,
Though straight the passage and the port be made
That leades to pallace of my Brothers life,
Proud in his fortune if we pierce it not,
and when the Princely Persean Diadem
Shall ouerway his weary witlesse head,
And fall like mellowed fruit, with shakes of death,
In faire Persea noble Tamburlaine.
Shall be my Regent: and remaine as King.
Ortyg. In happie houre we haue set the Crowne,
Upon your Kingly head, that seekes our honor,
In ioyning with the man, ordain'd by heauen
To further euery action to the best.
Cen. He that with Shepheards and a little spoile,
Durst in disdaine of wrong and tyranny,
Defend his fredome gainst a Monarchie
What will he doe supported by a King,
Leading a troope of Gentlemen and Lordes,
and stuft with treasure for his highest thoughts.
Cos. and such shall waite on worthy Tamburlaine,
Our armie will be fourty thousand strong,
When Tamburlaine and braue Theridamas
Haue met vs by the riuer Araris,
and all conioyn'd to meete the witlesse King,
That now is matching neere to Parthia,
and with vnwilling Souldiers faintly arm'd,

If you willi[illegible]ne with me.
You ſhall ha[illegible]s, as your merrits be:
Or elſe you ſh[illegible] ſorc'd with ſlauerie.
Agid. We yeeld vnto thee happie Tamburlaine.
Tam. For you then Madam, I am out of doubt.
Zeno. I must be pleas'd perforce wretched Zenocrate.

Actus 2. Scæna. 2. (Exeunt.

Coſroe, Menophon, Ortygius, Cenedus, with other Souldiers.

Coſroe. THus farre are wee towards Theridamas,
And valiant Tamburlaine, ye man of fame,
The man that in the forehead of his fortune,
Beares figures of renowne and myracle:
But tell me, that hast ſeene him Menophon,
What ſtature weilds he, and what perſonage?
Men. Of ſtature tall, and ſtraightly faſhioned,
Like his deſire, lift vpwards and diuine.
So large of limmes, his ioynts ſo ſtrongly knit,
Such breadth of ſhoulders as might mainely beare,
Faire Atlas burthen, twixt his manly pitch,
A Pearle more worth, then all the world is plaſt:
Wherein by curious ſoueraintie of art,
Are fixt his pearcing inſtruments of ſight,
Whoſe fiery cyrcles beare encompaſſed,
A heauen of heauenly bodies in their Spheares:
That guides his ſteps and actions to the throane.
Where honor ſits inueſted royally:
Pale of complexion: wrought in him with paſſion,
Thirſting with ſoueraintie and loue of armes,
His lofty browes in ſolides, doe figure death,
And in their ſmoothnes, amitie and life:
About them hangs a knot of Amber haire,
Wrapped in curles as fierce Achilles was,
On which the breath of heauen delights to play,
Making it dance with wanton Maieſtie.
His armes long, his fingers ſnowy-white,
Betokening valour and exceſſe of ſtrength,

An eue-

In euery part proportioned like the man
Should make the world subdue to Tamburlaine.
Cos. Well hast y pourtrayd in thy termes of life,
The face and personage of a wondrous man:
Nature doth striue with fortune and his Stars,
To make him famous in accomplisht worth,
And well his merrits show him to be made
His fortunes Master, and the king of men,
That could perswade at such a suddaine pinch,
With reasons of his valour and his life
a thousand sworne and ouermatching foes,
then when our powers in points of swords are ioyn'd
and closde in compasse of the killing bullet,
Though straight the passage and the port be made
That leades to pallace of my Brothers life,
Proud in his fortune if we pierce it not,
and when the Princely Persean Diadem
Shall ouerway his weary wittlesse head,
And fall like mellowed fruit, with shakes of death,
In faire Persea noble Tamburlaine.
Shall be my Regent: and remaine as king.
Ortyg. In happie houre we haue set the Crowne,
Upon your kingly head, that seekes our honor,
In ioyning with the man ordain'd by heauen
To further euery action to the best.
Cen. He that with Shepheards and a little spoile,
Durst in disdaine of wrong and tyranny,
Defend his fredome gainst a Monarchie
What will he dor supported by a king,
Leading a troope of Gentlemen and Lordes,
and stuft with treasure for his highest thoughts.
Cos. and such shall waite on worthy Tamburlaine,
Our armie will be fourty thousand strong,
When Tamburlaine and brane Theridamas
Haue met vs by the riuer Araris,
and all conioyn'd to meete the wittlesse king,
That now is marching neere to Parthia,
and with vnwilling Souldiers faintly arm'd,

To seeke reuenge on me and Tamburlaine:
To whome sweete Menaphon, direct me straight.

Menap. I will my Lord.

Actus. 2. Scæna. 2.

Mycetes, Meander, with other Lordes and Souldiours.

Myce. Come my Meander, let vs to this geere,
I tell you true my heart is swolne with wrath,
On this same theeuish villaine Tamburlaine.
And of that false Cosroe, my trayterous brother,
Would it not grieue a king to be so abusde
And haue a thousand horsemen taine awaie?
And which is worst to haue his Diadem
Sought for by such scald knaues as loue him not,
I thinke it would: well then, by heauens I sweare,
Aurora shall not peepe out of her doores,
But I will haue Cosroe by the head,
And kill proud Tamburlaine with point of sword,
Tell you the rest (Meander) I haue said.

Mean. When hauing past Armenian deserts now,
And pitcht our Tents vnder the Georgean hilles,
Whose tops are couered with Tartarian theeues,
That lie in ambush waiting for a pray:
What should we doe but bid them battaile straight,
And rid the world of those detested troopes,
Least if we let them linger heere a while
They gather strength by power of fresh supplies.
This countrie swarmes with vile out-cagious men
That liue by rapine and by lawlesse spoile,
Fit Souldiers for that wicked Tamburlaine.
And he that could with gifts and promises,
Inueigle him that lead a thousand horse,
And make him false his faith vnto the king,
Will quickly win such as are like himselfe.
Therefore cheere vp your mindes prepare to fight,
Ye that can take or slaughter Tamburlaine,

Shall rule the Prouince of Albania.
Who brings that Traytors head Theridamas,
Shall haue a gouernment in Media:
Besides the spoile of him and all his traine:
But if Cosroe (as our Spials say,
And as we know) remaines with Tamburlaine,
His Highnesse pleasure is that he should liue,
And be reclaim'd with princely lenitie.

Aspy. An hundred horsmen of my company
Scowting abroad vpon these champion plaines,
Haue viewd the Army of the Scythians,
Which makes reporte, it far exceedes the Kings.

Mean. Suppose they be in number infinite,
Yet being void of Martiall discipline,
All running hed-long after greedy spoiles,
And more regarding gaine then victory,
Like to the cruell brothers of the earth,
Sprong of the Dragons venomous,
their careless swords shal lanch their fellows throates
And make vs tryumph in their ouerthrow.

Myc. Was their such brethren, sweet Meander, say
That sprong of teeth of Dragons venomous?

Meand. So Poets say, my Lord.

Myc. And tis a preetie toy to be a Poet,
Well, well, (Meander) thou art deeply read:
And hauing thee, I haue a Jewell sure:
Goe on my Lord, and giue your charge I say,
Thy wit will make vs Conquerors to day.

Mea. Then Noble Souldiors, to intrap these theeues,
That liue confounded in disordered troopes,
If wealth or ritches may preuaile with them,
We haue our Camels laden all with golde:
Which you that be but common Souldiers,
Shall fling in euery corner of the field:
And while the base borne Tartars take it vp,
You fighting more for honor then for golde,
Shall massacre those greedy minded slaues:

And when their scattered armie is subdude,
And you march on their slaughtered carkasses,
Share equallie the golde that bought their liues,
And liue like Gentlemen in Persia,
Strike vp Drum and march cotragiously,
Fortune her selfe doth sit vpon our Tresses.
Myc. Ye tels you true my Maisters so he does,
Drums, why soūd you not whē Mean. speakes? Exeunt

Actus. 2. Scoena. 2.

Cosroe, Tamburlaine, Theridamas, Techelles, Vsumcasane, Ortygius, with others.

Cosr. NOw worthy Tamburlaine haue I repolde
In thy approoued fortunes all my hope,
What thinkst thou man shall come of our attemptes?
For euen as from assured Oracle
I take thy doome for satisfaction.
Tam. And so mistake you not a whit my Lord,
For Fates and Oracles, heauen haue swore
To royalize the deedes of Tamburlaine.
And make them blest that share in his attempts.
And doubt you not but if you fauour me,
And let my Fortunes and my valour sway,
To some direction in your martiall deedes.
the world shall shrine with hostes of men at armes,
To swarme vnto the Ensigne I support.
The hoste of Xerxes which by fame is said
To drinke the mightie Parthian Araris,
Was but a handfull to that we will haue:
Our quiuering Lances shaking in the aire,
And bullets like Ioues dreadfull thunder boltes,
Enrold in flames and fiery smoldering mistes.
Shall threate the Gods more than Cyclopian warres,
And with our Sun-bright armour as we march.
Weele chase the starres from heauen and dim their eies
That stand and muse at our admired armes.
Ther. You see my Lord what working words he hath

But when you see his actions stop his speech,
Your speech will stay, or so extoll his worth,
As I shall be commended and excuse,
For turning my power charge to his direction:
And these his two renowned friends, my Lord,
Would make one thrift and strive to be retain'd
In such a great degree of amitie.

Tech. With duties and with amitie we yéld
Our vtmost service to thee faire Cosroe.

Cosr. Which I estéeme as portion of my Crowne,
Vsumcasane and Techelles both,
When she that rules in Rhamnis golden gates,
And makes a passage for all prosperous armes,
Shall make me soely Emperour of Asia,
Then shall your deeds and valours be advaunst
To roomes of honour and nobilitie.

Tam. Then hast Cosroe to be king alone,
That I with these my friends and all my men
May triumph in our long expected Fate.
The King your brother is now hard at hand,
Meet with the foole and rid your royall shoulders
Of such a burthen, as out-wales the sandes
And all the craggie rockes of Caspea.

Mess. My Lord, we haue discovered the enimie
Redy to charge you with a mightie armie.

Cos. Come Tamburlaine, now whet thy winged sword
And lift thy lofty arme into the cloudes,
That it may reach the King of Persias Crowne,
And set it safe on my victorious head.

Tam. See where it is, the keenest Curtle-axe
That ere made passage thorow Persian armes,
These are the wings shall make it flye as swift
As doth the lightning, or the breath of heauen,
And kill as sure, as it swiftly flies.

Cos. Thy words assure me of kinde successe:
Goe valiant Souldiour, goe before and charge,
the fainting armie of that foolish King.

Tam. Vsumca-

Tam. Vsumcasane and Techelles, come,
We are enough to scarre the enemie,
and more then needes to make an Emperour.
To the Battaile, and Mycetes comes out alone with his crowne in his hand, offering to hide it.

Myc. Accurst be he that first inuented warre,
They knew not, ah, they knew not simple men,
How those were hit by pelting Cannon shot,
Stand those staggering like a quaiuering aspen leafe,
Fearing the force of Boreas boysterous blastes:
In what a lamentable case were I,
If Nature had not giuen me wisedomes lore:
For Kinges are clouts that euery man shoots at,
Our crowne the pin that thousands seek to cleaue.
Therefore in policie I thinke it good
To hide it close: a goodly Stratagem,
And far from any man that is a foole,
So shall not I be knowne, or if I be,
They cannot take alwayes my crowne from me.
Here will I hide it in this simple hole.

Enter Tamburlaine.

Tam. What fearefull coward straggling fro the camp
When Kinges themselues are present in the field.

Myc. Thou lyest.

Tam. Base villaine, darst thou giue me the lye?

Myc. Away, I am the King, go touch me not,
Thou breakst the law of Armes, vnlesse thou kneele,
And cry me mercy, Noble King.

Tam. Are you the wittie King of Persea?

Myc. I marry am I: haue you any suite to me?

Tam. I would intreate you to speake but three wise (words,

Myc. So I can when I see my time.

Tam. Is this your Crowne?

Myce. I, didst thou euer see a fayrer?

Tam. You will not sell it, will ye?

My. Such an other word, & I will haue thee executed: Come giue it me.

Tam. No,

Tam. No, I tooke it Prisoner.
Myc. You lie, I gaue it you,
Tam. Then tis mine.
Myc. No, I meane, I let you keepe it.
Tam. Well, I meane you shall haue it againe,
Here take it for a while, I lend it thee,
Till I may see thee hem'd with armed men,
Then shalt thou see me pull it from thy head,
Thou art no match for mightie Tamburlaine,
Myc. O Gods, is this Tamburlaine the theefe?
I maruell much he stole it not away.

Sound Trumpets to the battell, and he runs in.

Cosroe, Tamburlaine, Theridamas, Menaphon, Meander, Ortygius, Techelles, Vsumcasane, with others.

Tam. HOld thee Cosroe, weare two imperiall crownes
Think thee inuested now as royally,
Euen by the mightie hand of Tamburlaine,
As if as many Kinges as could encompasse thee
With greatest pompe had crownd thee Emperour.
Cosr. So doe I, thrice renowned men at armes,
and none shall keepe the Crowne but Tamburlaine,
Thee doe I make my Regent of Persea,
and generall Lieftenant of my armies,
Meander, you that were our Brothers guide,
and chiefest counseler in all his actes,
Since he is yeelded to the stroke of warre,
On your submission we with thankes excuse,
And giue you equall place in our affaires.
Mea. Vnto the happiest Emperour in humblest tearmes
I vow my seruice to your Maiestie,
With vtmost vertue of my faith and duetie.
Cos. Thankes good Meander, then Cosroe raigne,
And gouerne Persia in her former pompe:

Now send Embassage to thy neighbour Kinges,
And let them know the Persian King is chang'd,
From one that knew not what a King should doe,
To one that can command what longes thereto.
And now we will to faire Persepolis,
With twentie thousand expert Souldiours,
The Lordes and Captaines of my Brothers campe,
With little slaughter take Meanders course,
And gladly yeeld them to my gracious rule.
Ortygius and Menaphon, my trustie friendes,
Now will I gratifie your former good,
and grace your calling with a greater sway.

Ortyg. And as we ever aimd at your behoofe,
And sought your state, all honour it deseru'd,
So will we with our powers and our lives
Indeuour to preserue and prosper it.

Cos. I will not thanke thee (sweet Ortygius)
Better replies shall prooue my purposes:
and now Lord Tamburlaine, my Brothers campe
I leaue to thee, and to Theridamas,
To follow me to faire Persepolis,
Then will I march to all those Indian mines,
My witlesse Brother to the Christians lost:
And ransome them with fame and vsury,
and till thou ouertake me Tamburlaine,
(Staying to order all the scattered troopes)
Farwell Lord Regent and his happie friendes,
I long to sit vpon my Brothers throne.

Mena. Your Maiesty shall shortly haue your wish,
and ride in tryumph through Persepolis. Exeunt.

Manent Tamburlaine, Techelles Therida, Vsume.

Tam. And ride in tryumph through Persepolis?
Is it not braue to be a King, Techelles?
Vsumcasane and Theridamas,
Is it not passing braue to be a King,
And ride in tryumph through Persepolis?

Tech. O my Lord tis sweete and full of pompe.

Vsum. To be a King, is halfe to be a God.
Ther. A God is not so glorious as a King:
I thinke the pleasure they inioy in heauen
Cannot compare with Kingly ioyes in earth,
To weare a crowne enchac'd with Pearle and Golde,
Whose vertues carrie with it life and death.
To aske, and haue, commaund, and be obeyed:
When looks breede loue, with lookes to gaine the prize,
Such power attractiue shines in Princes eyes.
Tam. Why say, Theridamas, wilt thou be a King?
Ther. Nay, though I praise it, I can liue without it.
Tam. What saies my other friends, wil you be kings?
Tech. I, if I could with all my heart, my Lord,
Tam. Why, that's well said Techelles, so would I.
And so would you my Maisters, would you not?
Vsum. What then my Lord?
Tam. Why then Casanes shall we with for ought
The world affoords in greatest nouelty,
And rest attemptlesse faint and destitute?
Me thinkes we should not, I am strongly moou'd,
That if I should desire the Persean crowne,
I could attaine it with a wondrous ease,
And would not all our Souldiers soone consent,
If we should ayme at such a dignitie?
Ther. I know they would with our perswasions,
Tam. Why then Theridamas, Ile first assay,
To get the Persean Kingdome to my selfe:
Then thou for Parthia, they for Scythia, and Medea,
And if I prosper all shall be as sure,
as if the Turke, the Pope, Affricke and Greece,
Came creeping to vs with their crownes apeece.
Tech. Then shall we send to this tryumphing king
And bid him battaile for his nouell Crowne:
Vsum. Nay quickly then, before his roome be hot.
Tam. Twil proone a prettie iest (in faith) my friends
Ther. A iest to charge on twenty thousand men?
I iudge the purchase more important farre.

Tam. Judge by thy selfe Theridamas, not me,
For presently Techelles heere shall haste,
To bid him battaile ere he passe to farre,
And loose more labour then the gaine will quight.
Then shalt thou see the Scythian Tamburlaine,
Make but a iest to win the Persean crowne.
Techelles, take a thousand horse with thee,
And bid him turne his backe to warre with vs,
That onely made him King, to make vs sporte,
We will not steale vpon him cowardly,
But giue him warning with more warriours.
Hast thee Techelles, we will followe thee.
What saith Theridamus?
Ther. Go on for me. Exeunt.

Actus. 2. Scæna. 6.

Cosroe, Meander, Ortygius. Menaphon, with other Souldiours.

Cos. What meanes this diuelish shepherd to
With such a gyantly presumption: (aspire
To cast vp hilles against the face of heauen,
And dare the force of angry Iupiter.
But as he thrust them vnderneath the hilles,
and prest out fire from their burning jawes:
So will I send this monstrous slaue to hell,
Where flames shall euer feede vpon his soule.
Men. Some powers diuine, or else infernall, mixt
Their angry seedes at his conception:
For he was neuer sprung of humane race,
Since with the spirit of his fearefull pride,
He dare so doubtlesly resolue of rule,
and by profession be ambitious.
Ortig. What God, or fiend, or spirit of the earth
Or monster turned to a manly shape.
Or of what mould, or mettle he be made.
What starre or state soeuer gouerne him,
Let vs put on our meete incountring mindes,

And

and in detesting such a diuelish theese,
In loue of honour and defence of right,
Be arm'd against the hate of such a foe,
Whether from earth, or hell, or heauen he grow.

Cos. Nobly resolu'd my good Ortigius,
and since we all haue suckt one wholesome aire,
and with the same proportion of Elements.
Resolue, I hope we are resembled,
Vowing our loues to equall death and life,
Lets cheere our Souldiours to encounter him,
that greeuous image of ingratitude
That fiery thirster after Soueraintie:
and burne him in the fury of that flame,
That none can quench but bloud and Empery,
Resolue my Lordes and louing Souldiours now,
to saue your King and country from decay,
Then strike vp Drum, and all the starres that make
the loathsome circle of my dated life,
Direct my weapon to his barbarous heart,
that thus opposeth him against the Gods,
and scornes the powers that gouerne Persea.

Enter to the battel, & after the battle, enter Cosroe wounded, Theridamas, Tamburlaine, Techelles, Vsumcasane, with others.

Cos. Barbarous and bloody Tamburlaine,
thus to depriue me of my Crowne and life:
Treacherous and false Theridimas,
Euen at the morning of my happie state,
Scarce being seated in my Royall throane,
To worke my downefall and vntimely end.
an vncouth paine torments my grieued soule
and death arrests the organ of my voice,
Who entring at the breach thy sword hath made
Sackes euery vaine and arter of my heart,
Bloody and insatiat Tamburlaine.

Tam. The thirst of raigne and sweetnes of a crowne

That caus'd the eldest sonne of heauenly Ops,
to thrust his doting Father from his chaire,
and place himselfe in the Emperiall heauen.
Moou'd me to manage armes against thy state.
What better president then mighty Ioue?
Nature that fram'd vs of foure Elements,
Warring within our breasts for regiment,
Doth teach vs all to haue aspiring minds:
Our soules whose faculties can comprehend
The wondrous architecture of the world,
and measure euery wandring Planets course,
Still climing after knowledge infinite,
and alwaies moouing as the restlesse Spheares,
Wils vs to weare our selues and neuer rest
Vntill we reach the ripest fruite of all,
that perfect blisse and sole felicitie,
the sweete fruition of an earthly crowne.

Ther. and that made me to ioyne with Tamburlaine,
For he is grosse and like the massy earth
that mooues not vpwards, nor by princely deedes
Doth meane to soare aboue the highest sort.

Tech. and that made vs the friends of Tamburlaine,
to lift our swords against the Persian King.

Vsum. For as when Ioue did thrust old Saturn downe
Neptune and Dis gain'd each of them a crowne,
So doe we hope to raigne in Asia,
If Tamburlaine be plac'd in Persea.

Cos. The strangest men that euer nature made,
I know not how to take their tyrannies:
My bloodlesse bodie waxeth chille and colde,
And with my blood my life slides through my wound:
My soule begins to take her flight to hell,
and summons all my sences to depart:
The heate and moysture which did feede each other,
For want of nourishment to feed them both,
Is dri'e and colde, and now doth gastly death
With greedy tallents gripe my bleeding heart,

And like a Harper tyers on my life.
Theridamas and Tamburlaine, I die,
And feare full vengeance light vpon you both.

He takes the Crowne and puts it on.

Tam. Not all the curses which the Furies breath,
Shall make me leaue so rich a prize as this,
Theridamas, Techelles, and the rest,
Who thinke you now is King of Persia?
All. Tamburlaine, Tamburlaine.
Tam. Though Mars himselfe the angry God of armes
And all the earthly potentates conspire
To dispossesse me of this Diadem:
Yet will I weare it in despight of them,
as great commander of this Easterne world,
If you but say that Tamburlaine shall raigne.
All. Long liue Tamburlaine, and raigne in Asia.
Tam. So, now it is more surer on my head,
Then if the Gods had held a Parliament,
And all pronounst me King of Persia. Finis. Actus. 2.

Actus. 3 Scæna. 1.

Baiazeth, the Kinges of Fess. Morocco, and Argier, with others in great pompe.

Baia. Great Kings of Barbarie, & my portly Bassoes,
We heare the Tartars & the Eastern théeues
Under the conduct of one Tamburlaine,
Presume a bickering with your Emperour:
and thinkes to rouse vs from our dreadfull siedge,
Of the famous Grecian Constantinople:
You know our armie is inuincible:
as many circumcised Turkes we haue,
And warlike bands of Christians renied.
as hath the Ocean or the Terren sea,
Small drops of water, when the Moone begins:
To ioyne in one her semicircled hornes:

Tyrrhene

Yet

Yet would we not be brau'd with forraine power,
Nor raiſe our ſiedge before the Grecians yeeld,
Or breathleſſe lye before the Cittie walles.
Fez. Renowned Emperour, and mightie generall,
What if you ſent the Baſſoes of your guard,
To charge him to remaine in Aſia,
Or elſe to threaten death and deadly armes,
as from the mouth of mightie Baiazeth.
Baiaz. Hie thee my Brotherlaſt to Perſia,
Tell him thy Lord the Turkiſh Emperour,
Dread Lord of Affricke, Europe, and Aſia,
Great King and Conquerour of Grecia.
The Oceane, Terrene and the cole-blacke ſea,
The high and higheſt Monarch of the world,
Wils and commands (for ſay not I intreate)
Nor once to ſet his foote on Affrica,
Or ſpread his colours in Grecia,
Leaſt he incurre the furie of my wrath.
Tell him, I am content to take a truce,
Becauſe I heare he beares a valiant minde.
But if preſuming on his fildy power,
He be ſo mad to manage armes with me.
Then ſtay thou with him, ſay I bid thee ſo,
and if before the ſunne haue meaſured the heauen
With triple circuit thou regreete vs not,
We meane to take his mornings next arriſe
For me ſenger, he will not be reclaim'd,
and meane to fetch thee in deſpight of him.
Baſſ. Moſte great and puiſſant Monarch of the earth
your Baſſoe will accompliſh your beheſt.
and ſhew your pleaſure to the Perſean,
as fits the Legate of the ſtately Turke. Exit. Baſſ.
Arg. They ſay he is the King of Perſea,
But if he dare attempt to ſtirre your ſiedge,
I were requiſite he ſhould be ten times more,
For all fleſh quakes at your magnificence.
Baiaz. True (Argier) and tremble at my lookes.

Moro. The

Moro. The ſpring is hinder'd by your ſmothering hoſt,
For neither raine can fall vpon the earth,
Nor Sun reflexe his vertuous beames thereon:
The ground is mantled with ſuch multitudes.
Bai. All this is true as holy Mahomet,
And all the trees are blaſted with our breathes.
Fell. What thinkes your greatnes beſt to bee atchiu'd
In purſuit of the Citties ouerthrowe?
Bai. I will the captiue pioners of Argier
Cut off the water, that by leaden pipes
Runs to the Cittie from the mountaine Carmon.
Two thouſand Horſe ſhall forrage vp and downe,
That no reliefe or ſuccour come by land.
And all the Seamy Gallies countermaund.
Then ſhall our footemen lie within the trench,
And with their Cannons mouth'd like Orcus gulfe,
Batter the walles and wee will enter in:
And thus the Grecians ſhall be conquered.

Actus. 3. Scena. 2

Agydas, Zenocrate, Anippe, with others.

MAdam Zenocrate, may I preſume
To know the cauſe of theſe vnquiet fits?
That worke ſuch trouble to your wonted reſt?
Tis more then pittie ſuch a heauenly face,
Should by hearts ſorrow ware ſo wan and pale:
When your offenſiue rape by Tamburlaine,
Which of your whole diſpleaſures ſhould be moſt
Hath ſeem'd to be digeſted long agoe.
Zen. Although it be digeſted long agoe,
As his exceeding fauours haue deſeru'd,
And might content the Queene of heauen as well,
As it hath chang'd my firſt conceiu'd diſdaine,
Yet ſince a farther paſſion feeds my thoughts,
With careleſſe and diſconſolate conceits,
Which dies my lookes, ſo liueleſſe as they are,
And might, if my extreames had full events,

Make me the ghastly counterfeit of death.
Agid. Eternall heauen sooner be disolu'd,
And all that pierceth Phœbus siluer eye,
Before such hap fall to Zenocrate.
Zen. Ah life and soule still houer in the breast,
And leaue my bodie senceless as the earth,
Or else vnite me to his life and soule,
That I may liue and die with Tamburlane.

Enter Tamburlaine with Techelles and others.
Agid. With Tamburlaine? Ah faire Zenocrate,
Let not a man so vile and barbarous,
That holdes you from your father in despite,
And keepes you from the honours of a Queene,
Being supposde his worthlesse Concubine,
Be honoured with your loue, but for necessitie,
So now the mightie Soldian heares of you,
Your Vigenesse needes not doubt but in short time,
He will with Tamburlaines destruction,
Redeeme you from this deadely seruitude.
Zen. Leaue to wound me with these words,
And speake of Tamburlaine as he deserues:
The entertainment we haue had of him,
Is farre from villanie or seruitude,
And might in noble mindes be counted Princely.
Agid. How can you fancie one that lookes so fierce,
Onely disposed to martiall Stratagems?
Who when he shall embrace you in his armes,
Will tell how many thousand men he slew.
And when you looke for amorous discourse,
Will rattle foorth his facts of warre and blood,
Too harsh a subiect for your dainty eares.
Zen. As looks the sun through Nilus flowing streame
Or when the morning holds him in her armes,
So lookes my Lordly loue, faire Tamburlaine.
His talke more sweeter then the Muses song,
They sung for honor gainst Pierides:

Or when Minerua did with Neptune strive,
And higher would I reare my estimate,
Then Iuno sister to the highest God,
If I were matcht with mightie Tamburlaine.
Agid. Yet be not so inconstant in your loue,
But let the young Arabian line in hope,
After your rescue to inioy his choice:
You see though first the King of Persea
(Being a Shepheard) seem'd to loue you much,
Now in his Maiestie he leaues those lookes,
Those words of fauour, and those comfortings,
And giues no more then common courtesies.
Zen. Whence rise the teares that so disdain my cheeks
Fearing his loue through my vnworthinesse,

Tamburlaine goes to her & takes her away louingly by the hand, looking wrathfully on Agidas, and sayes nothing.

Agid. Betraid by Fortune and suspicious loue,
Threatned with frowning wrath and iealousie,
Surpriz'd with feare of hideous reuenge,
I stand aghast: but most astonied
To see his choller shut in secret thoughts,
And wrapt in silence of his angrie soule:
Vpon his brewes was pourtraid vgly death,
And in his eyes the furie of his heart:
That shine as Comets, menacing reuenge,
And casts a pale complexion on his cheekes,
As when the sea-man sees the Hyades
Gather an armie of Cemerian clouds,
(Auster and Aquilon with winged Steedes,
All sweating, tilt about the watry heauens,
With shiuering speares enforsing thunder claps,
And from their shieldes strike flames of lightening)
All fearefull foldes his sayles, and sounds the maine,
Lifting his prayers to the heauens for aide,
Against the terror of the windes and waues.

Make me the ghastly counterfeit of death.
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(Auster and Aquilon with winged Steedes,
All sweating, tilt about the watry heauens.
With shiuering speares enforcing thunder claps,
And from their shieldes strike flames of lightening)
All fearefull foldes his sayles, and sounds the maine,
Lifting his prayers to the heauens for aide,
Against the terror of the windes and waues.

So fares Agidas for the late felt frownes,
That sent a tempest to my daunted thoughtes,
And makes my soule deuine her ouerthrowe.

Enter Techelles with a naked dagger.

Tech. See you Agidas how the King salutes you,
He bids you prophecie what it imports.
Agid. I prophecied before, and now I prooue,
The killing frownes of iealousie and loue.
He needed not with words confirme my feare,
For wordes are vaine where working tooles present,
The naked action of my threatned end,
It saies, Agidas, thou shalt surely dye.
And of extremities elect the least,
More honor and lesse paine it may procure,
To die by this resolued hand of thine,
then stay the torments, he and heauen haue sworne.
Then hast Agydas, and preuent the plagues
Which thy prolonged Fates may draw on thee:
Goe wander free from feare of Tyrants rage,
Remooued from the torments and the hell
Wherewith he may excruciate thy soule,
And let Agidas by Agydas dye,
And with this stab slumber eternally. Stabs himselfe.

Tech. Vsumcasane, see how right the man
Hath hit the meaning of my Lord the King.
Vsum. Faith, and Techelles it was manly done:
and since he was so wise and honorable,
Let vs afford him now the bearing hence.
And craue his triple worthy buriall.
Tech. Agreed Casane, we will honor him.

Actus. 3. Scena. 3.

Tamburlaine, Techelles, Vsumcasane, Theridimas, Bassoe, Zenocrate, with others.

Tam. BAssoe, by this thy Lord and Maister knowes
I meane to meete him in Bithinia.

And

See how he comes: tush, Turkes are full of brags
and meane more then they can well performe:
Ye meet me in the field and fetcht thee hence?
Alas (poore Turke) his fortune is too weake,
T'encounter with the strength of Tamburlaine,
View well my campe, and speake indifferently,
Doe not my Captaines and my Souldiers looks
As if they ment to conquer Affrica?

Bass. Your men are valiant, but their number fewe,
and cannot terrifie his mightie hoste,
My Lord, the great commaunder of the world,
Besides fifteene contributorie Kings,
Hath now in armes ten thousand Janisaries,
Mounted on lusty Mauritanian Steedes,
Brought to the warre by men of Trypolie.
Two hundred thousand footemen that have serv'd,
In two set battels fought in Grecia:
And for the expedition of this warre,
If he thinke good can from his garrisons
Withdraw as many more to follow him.

Tech. The more he brings, the greater is the spoile,
For when they perrish by our warlike hands,
we meane to seate our footemen on their Steedes,
and rifle all those stately Janisares.

Tam. But will those Kinges accompany your Lord?

Bas. Such as his highnesse please, but some must stay
To rule the prouinces he late subdude.

Tam. Then fight coragiously their crowns are yours
This hand shall set them on your conquering heades,
That made me Emperour of Asia.

Vsum. Let him bring millions infinite of men,
Unpeopling Westerne Affrica and Greece,
Yet we assure vs of the victory.

Ther. Euen he that in a trice vanquisht two Kinges,
More mightie then the Turkish Emperour,
Shall rouse him out of Europe, and pursue
His scattered armie till they yeeld or die.

 Tam. Well

Tam. Well saide Theridamas, speake in that moode,
For will and shall best fitteth Tamburlaine,
whose smiling Stars gives him assured hope
Of martiall tryumph, ere hee meete his foes:
I that am tearm'd the Scourge and wrath of God,
The onely feare and terror of the world,
Will first subdue the Turke, and then enlarge
Those Christian Captiues, which you keep as slaues
Burdning their bodies with your heauie chaines,
And feeeding them with thin and slender fare,
That naked rowe about the Terren sea,
And when they chance to breath and rest a space,
Are punisht with Bastones so grieuously,
That lie panting on the Gallies side,
And striue for life at euery stroke they giue.
These are the cruell Pirates of Argier,
That damned traine, the scum of Affrica,
Inhabited with straggling Runnagates,
that make quicke hauoke of the Christian bloode
But as I liue, that towne shall curse the time
that Tamburlaine set foote in Affrica.

Enter Baiazeth with his Bassoes, and his contributory Kinges.

Bai. Bassoes and Janisaries of my Guard,
Attend vpon the person of your Lord,
The greatest Potentate of Affrica.
Tam. Techelles, and the rest, prepare your swordes,
I meane t' encounter with that Baiazeth,
Bai. Kings of Fesse, Moroccus and Argier,
Ye cals me Baiazeth, whome you call Lord:
Note the presumption of this Scythian slaue,
I tell thee villaine, those that leade my horse
Haue to their names title of dignitie,
And dar'st thou bluntly call me Baiazeth?
Tam. And know thou Turk, that those which leade my horse
Shall leade thee Captiue thorow Affrica,

And

And dar'ſt thou bluntly call me Tamburlaine?
Bai. By Mahomet, my kinſmans Sepulcher,
and by the holy Alcaron I ſweare,
Ye ſhall be made a chaſte and luſtleſſe Eunuke,
and in my Sarell tend my Concubines:
and all his Captaines that thus ſtoutly ſtand,
Shall draw the Chariot of my Empreſſe.
Whome I haue brought to ſee their ouerthrow.
Tam. By this my ſword that conquered Perſia,
Thy fall ſhall make me famous through the world,
I will not tell thee how I will handle thee,
But euery common Souldiour of my Campe,
Shall ſmile to ſee thy miſerable ſtate.
Feſſ. What meanes this mightie Turkiſh Emperor
To talke with one ſo baſe as Tamburlaine?
Mor. Ye Moores, and valiant men of Barbary,
How can you ſuffer theſe indignities?
Arg. Leaue words, & let the feele your Lances points
Which glided through the bowels of the Greekes.
Bai. Well ſaid my ſtout contributorie kings:
Your threefold armie and my hugie hoſte,
Shall ſwallow vp theſe baſe borne Perſians.
Tech. Puiſſant renowned and mightie Tamburlaine,
Why ſtay we thus prolonging all their liues?
Th. I long to ſee thoſe Crownes won by our ſwords
That we may raigne as Kings of Affrica?
Vſum. What coward would not fight for ſuch a prize
Tam. Fight all couragiouſly and be you Kinges.
I ſpeake it, and my wordes are Oracles,
Bai. Zabina, Mother of three braue boyes,
Then Hercules, that in his infancie,
Did pash the iawes of Serpents venemous,
Whoſe handes are made to gripe a warlike Lance,
Their ſhoulders broad for compleat armour fit,
Their limmes more large and of a bigger ſize,
Then all the Brats ſprong from Tryphons loynes.
Who when they come vnto their Fathers age,

braver

Typhons

Will batter turrets with their manly fists.
Sit heere vpon this royall chaire of state,
And on thy head weare my emperiall crowne,
Vntill I bring this sturdy Tamburlaine,
and all his Captaines bound in captiue chaines.
Zab. Such good successe happen to Baiazeth,
Tam. Zenocrate the lodelyest Maid aliue,
Fairer then rockes of Pearle and precious stone,
The onely Parragon of Tamburlaine,
Whose eyes are brighter then the lampes of heauen,
And speech more pleasant then sweete harmony,
That with thy lookes canst cleare the darkned skie,
And calmie the rage of thundring Iupiter:
Sit downe by her, adorned with my crowne,
as if thou wert the Empresse of the world.
Stir not Zenocrate, vntill thou see
Me march victoriously with all my men,
Tryumphing ouer him and these his Kinges,
Which I will bring as vassels to thy feete.
Till then take thou my crowne, vaunt of my worth,
And manage wordes with her, as we will armes,
Zen. And may my loue the King of Persia,
Returne with victorie, and free from wound.
Bai. Now shalt thou feele the force of Turkish armes
Which lately made all Europe quake for feare:
I haue of Turkes, Arabians, Moores and Iewes
Enough to couer all Bythinia.
Let thousands die, their slaughtered carkasses,
Shall serue for walles and bulwarkes to the rest,
And as the heads of Hydra, so my power
Subdued, shall stand as mightie as before:
If they should yeeld their neckes vnto the sword,
Thy Souldiers armes could not endure to strike
So many blowes as I haue heads for thee,
Thou knowst not (foolish hardy Tamburlaine)
What tis to meete me in the open field,
That leaue no ground for thee to march vpon.

Tam. Our

Tam. Our conquering swords shal marshall vs ỹ way
We vse to march vpon the slaughtered foe,
Trampling their bowels with our horses hooses:
Brave horses, bred on the white Tartarian hilles,
My campe is like to Iulius Cæsars hoste,
That neuer fought but had the victory,
Nor in Pharsalia was their such hot war,
As these my followers willingly would haue:
Legions of spirits fleeting in the ayre,
Direct our bullets and our weapons pointes
And make our strokes to wound the senceless lure,
and when she sees our bloody colours spread,
then victorie begins to take her flight,
Kessing herselfe vpon my milk-white Tent.
But come my Lords, to weapons let vs fall:
The field is ours, the Turke, his wife and all.

Exit with his followers.

Bai. Come kinges & Basloes, let vs glut our swords
That thirst to drinke the feeble Persians blood.

Exit with his followers.

Zab. Base Concubine, must thou be plac'd by me,
That am the Empresse of the mightie Turke?

Zen. Disdainefull Turkesse, and vnreuerend Bosse,
Cal'st thou me Concubine that am betroth'd
Vnto the great and mightie Tamburlaine?

Zab. To Tamburlaine the great Tartarian theefe.

Zen. Thou wilt repent these lauish words of thine,
When thy greate Bassoe-maister and thy selfe,
Must pleade for mercy at his kingly feete,
and sue to me to be your aduocate.

Zab. And sue to thee? I tell thee shameleſſe girle,
thou shalt be laundresse to my waiting maide,
How lik'st thou her Ebea, will she serue?

Ebea. Madam, she thinkes perhaps she is to fine,
But I shall turne her into other weedes,
and make her daintie fingers fall to worke.

Zen. Hearst thou Anippe how thy dyudge doth talke

and make her dainty fingers fall to worke.
Zen. Hearst thou Anippe, how thy drudge doth talke,
and how my slaue, her mistresse menaceth?
Both for their saustnesse shall be imployed,
To dresse the common souldiours meat and drinke,
For we will scorne they should come nere our selues.
Ani. Yet sometimes let your Highnes send for them
To doe the worke my chamber maide disdaines.

They sound to the Battaile within, and stay.

Zen. Ye Gods and powers that gouerne Persia,
and made my Lordly loue her worthy King.
Now strengthen him against the Turkish Baiazeth
and let his foes like flockes of fearefull Roes,
Persude by hunters, flye his angry lookes,
That I may see him issue Conqueror.
zab. Now Mahomet, sollicite God himselfe,
and make him raine down murdering shot from heauen
To dash the Scythians braines, and strike them dead,
That dare to manage armes with him,
That offered iewels to thy sacred shrine
When first he war'd against the Christians.

To the battaile againe.

zen. By this the Turks lies weltring in their blood,
as Tamburlaine is Lord of Affrica.
zab. Thou art deceiu'd, I heard the Trumpets sound
and when my Emperour ouerthrew the Greekes,
And led them captiue into Affrica.
Straight will I vse thee as thy pride deserues:
Prepare thy selfe to liue and dye my slaue.
zen. If Mahomet should come from heauen & sweare
My Royall Lord is slayne or conquered,
Yet should he not perswade me otherwise,
But that he liues and will be conqueror.

Baiazeth flyes, and he persues him,
The Battell is short, and they enter,
Baiazeth is ouercome.

And
as

Tam. Now

Tam. Now King of Bassoes, who is Conquerour?
Bai. Thou by the fortune of thys damned soyle.
Tam. Where are your stout contributorie Kings?

Enter Techelles, Theridamas,
Vsumcasane.

Tech. We haue their crownes, their bodies strew the (field
Tam. Each man a crowne, why kingly faught yfaith.
Deliuer them into my treasury.
Zen. Now let me offer to my gracious Lord,
His royall crowne againe so highly won:
Tam. Nay take the Turkish crowne from her zeno-
and crowne me Emperour of Affrica. (crate
Zab. No Tamburlaine, though now thou got the best,
Thou shalt not yet be Lord of Affrica.
Ther Giue her the Crowne Turkesse you were best
He takes it from her, and giues it zenocrate.
Zab. Iniurious villaines, theeues, runnagates,
How dare you thus abuse my Maiesty?
Ther. Heere Madam, you are Empresse, she is none.
Tam. Not now Theridamas, her time is past:
The pillers that haue bolstered vp those tearmes,
are falne in clusters at my conquering feete.
Zab. Though he be prisoner, he may be ransomed.
Tam. Not all the world shall ransome Baiazeth.
and neuer had the Turkish Emperour
Bai. Ah faire Zabina, wee haue lost the field,
So great a foyle by any forraine foe.
Now will the Christias miscreants be glad,
Ringing with ioy their superstitious Bels
and making Bonfiers for my ouerthrow:
But ere I die those foule Idolaters
Shall make me bonfires with their filthy bones:
For though the glorie of this day be lost,
Affricke and Greece haue garrisons enough
to make me Soueraigne of the earth againe.
Tam. Those walled garrisons will I subdue,

And write my selfe great Lord of Affrica,
So from the East vnto the farthest West,
Shall Tamburlaine extend his puissant arme:
the Gallies and those pilling Brigandines
that yearely sayle to the Venetian gulfe,
and hover in the Straights for Christians wracke,
Shall lye at anchor in the Isle Asant,
Untill the Persian fleete and men of warre,
Sayling along the Orientiall sea,
Have fet cht about the Indian continent:
Euen from Persepolis to Mexico
And thence vnto the Straights of Iubalter.
Where they shall meete, and ioyne their force in one,
Keeping in awe the Bay of Portingale,
and all the Ocean by the Brittish shore,
and by this meanes ile win the world at last.

Ba. Yet set a ransome on me Tamburlaine.

Tam. what? thinks ỹ Tamburlaine esteemes thy gold?
Ile make the Kinges of India ere I die,
Offer their mines (to sue for peace) to me,
And dig for treasure to appease my wrath,
Come binde them both, and one leade in the Turke,
the turkesse let my Loues Maide lead away.

they binde them.

Bai. Ah villaines, dare ye touch my sacred armes?
O Mahomet, O sleepy Mahomet!

Zab. O cursed Mahomet, that makes vs thus
the slaues to Scythians rude and barbarous.

Tam Come bring them in, and for this happy conquest
tryumph and solemnize a materiall feast. Exeunt

Finis Actus tertij

Actus 4. Scæna, 1

Souldan of Egipt, with three or foure Lords,
Capolin.

Soul Awake ye men of Memphis, heare ỹ clange
Of Scythian trumpets, heare the Basilisches,

That

That roaring, shake Damascus turrets downe,
The rogue of Volga holds Zenocrate,
The Souldans Daughter for his Concubine,
and with a troope of theeues and Vagabonds
Hath spread his colours to our high disgrace,
While you faint-hearted base Egyptians,
Lie slumbring on the flowry bankes of Nile,
as Crocadiles, that vnaffrighted rest,
While thundring cannons rattle on their Skins.

Mess. May (mighty Soulban did your greatnes see
The frowning lookes of fiery Tamburlaine,
That with his terrour and imperious eyes,
commaunds the hearts of his associates:
It might amaze your royall Maiestie.

Soul. Villaine, I tel thee, were that Tamburlaine,
as monstrous as Gorgon, prince of Hell,
The Soulban would not start a foote from him,
But speake, what power hath he?

Mess. Mightie Lord,
Three hundred thousand men in armour clad,
Upon their prancing Steedes, disdainefully
With wanton paces trampling on the ground:
Five hundred thousand footemen threatning shot,
shaking their swords, their speares and yron bils,
Environing their standerd round, that stood,
As brisle-pointed as a thornie wood.
Their warlike Engins and munition
Exceed the forces of their martiall men.

Soul. May could their numbers countervaile the stars
Or euer drizling drops of aprill showers,
Or withered leaues that autumne shaketh downe,
Yet would the Souldane by his conquering power
So scatter and consume them in his rage,
That not a man should liue to rue their fall.

Cap. So might your Highnes, had you time to sort
Your fighting men, and raise your royall hoste:
But Tamburlaine by expedition

Advantage takes of your unreadinesse,
Soul. Let him take all the advantages he can,
Were all the world conspir'd to fight for him,
Nay, were he the devill, as he is no man,
Yet in revenge of faire Zenocrate,
Whome he detaineth in despight of vs,
This arme should send him downe to Erebus:
To shroud his shame in darkenesse of the night.
Mess. Pleaseth your mightinesse to understand,
His resolution farre exceedeth all:
The first day when he pitcheth downe his Tents,
White is their hew, and on his silver crest
A snowy Feather spangled white he beares,
to signifie the myldenesse of his minde:
That satiate with spoyle, refuseth blood,
But when Aurora mounts the second time,
as red as Scarlet is his furniture,
Then must his kindled wrath be quencht with blood:
Not sparing any that can manage armes:
But if these threates move not submission,
Blacke are his colours, blacke Pauilion,
His speare, his shield, his horse, his armour plumes,
And Jettie Feathers menace death and hell,
Without respect of Sex, degree or age,
Hee raceth all his foes with fire and sword.
Soul. Merciles villaine, Peasant, ignorant
Of lawfull armes, or Martiall discipline.
Pillage and murder are his vsuall trades,
The slaue vsurpes the glorious name of warre.
See Capolin the faire Arabian King,
That hath been disappointed by this slaue,
Of my faire daughter, and his princely Loue,
May haue fresh warning to goe warre with vs,
and be reueng'd for her disparagement.

Actus. 4. Scena. 2.

Tamburlaine, Techelles, Theridamas, Vsumcasane, Zenocrate, Anippe, two Moores drawing Baiazeth in his cage, and his wife following him.

Tam. BRing out my foote-stoole.

They take him out of the Cage.

Bai. Ye holy Priestes of heauenly Mahomet,
That sacrificing slice and cut your flesh,
Staining his Altars with your purple blood,
Make heauen to frowne and euery fired Star,
To sucke vp poyson from the Vgrish Fens,
and poure it in this glorious tyrants throate.

Tam. The cheefest God, first moouer of that speare. Sphere,
Enchac'd with thousands euer shining lamps,
Will sooner burne the glorious frame of heauen,
Then it should so conspire my ouerthrowe:
But villaine, thou that wishest it to me,
Fall prostrate on the lowe disdainefull earth,
and be the foote-stoole of great Tamburlaine,
That I may rise into my Royall Throne.

Bai. First shalt thou rip my bowels with thy sword,
And sacrifice my heart to death and hell,
Before I yeelde to such a slauerie.

Tam. Base villaine, vassall, slaue to Tamburlaine,
Vnworthy to imbrace or touch the ground,
That beares the honour of my royall waight,
Stoope villaine, stoope, stoope, for so he bids,
That may commaund thee peecemeale to be torne,
Or scattered like the lofty Cedar trees,
Strooke with the voice of thundring Iupiter,

Bai. Then as I looke downe to the damned Fiendes
Fiends looke on me, and thou dread God of hell,
With Ebon Scepter strike this hatefull earth,
And make it swallow both of vs at once.

He gets vp vpon him to his chaire.

Tam. Now cleare the triple region of the aire,
and let the Maiestie of heauen behold

Their

Their Scourge and terrour treade on Emperours,
Smile Stars that raign'd at my nativitie:
and dim the brightnes of their neighbour lampes.
Disdaine to borrow light of Cinthia,
For I the chiefest lampe of all the earth,
First rising in the east with milde aspect,
But fired now in the Meridian line,
Will send up fire to your turning Spheares,
and cause the sunne to borrow light of you:
My sword strooke fire from his coate of steele,
Euen in Bythinia, when I tooke this Turke,
as when a fiery exhalation
Wrapt in the bowels of a freesing cloud,
Fighting for passage, make the Welkin crack,
and casts a flash of lightning on the earth:
But ere I march to wealthy Persia,
Or leaue Damascus, and the Egiptian fields.
as was the fame of Clymeus brainsicke Sonne,
That almost burnt the aretree of heauen:
So shall our swords, our lances and our shot
Fill all the ayre with fiery meteors:
Then when the skie shall ware as red as blood,
It shall be said, I made it red my selfe,
To make me thinke of naught but blood and warre.

Zab. Vnworthy King, that by thy crueltie.
Vnlawfully vsurp'st the Persean seate,
Dar'st thou that neuer saw an Emperour,
Before thou met my husband in the field,
Being thy Captiue, thus abuse his state,
Keeping his Kingly bodie in a cage,
That Kastes of golde and sunbright Pallaces,
Should haue prepard to entertaine his grace,
and treading him beneath thy loathsome feete,
Whose feete the King of Affrica haue kist?

Tech. You must deuise some torment worse my Lord
To make these captiues reine their lauish tongues.

Tam. Zenocrate, looke better to your slaue:

Zen. She

Zeno. She is my handmaids slaue and she shall looke
That these abuses flowe not from her tongue:
Chide her Anippe.
Anip. Let these be warnings then for you my slaue
How you abuse the Person of the King:
Or else I sweare to haue you whipt starke nak'd,
Bai. Great Tamburlaine, great in my ouerthrowe,
Ambitious pride shall make thee fall as low,
For treading on the backe of Baiazeth,
That should be horsed on foure mightie Kings.
Tam. Thy names and Titles, and thy dignitie
Are fled from Baiazeth, and remaine with me,
That will maintaine it against a world of Kinges.
Put him in againe.
Bai. Is this a place for mightie Baiazeth:
Confusion light on him that helps thee thus.
Tam. There while he liues shall Baiazeth be kept,
And where I goe be thus in triumph drawne:
And thou his wife shalt feede him with the scraps
My seruitures shall bring thee from my boord:
For he that giues him other foode then this:
Shall sit by him, and starue to death himselfe.
This is my minde, and I will haue it so.
Not all the Kinges and Emperours of the earth,
If they would lay their crowns before my feete,
Shall ransome him, or take him from his cage:
The ages that shall talke of Tamburlaine,
Euen from this day to Platoes wondrous yeare,
Shall talke how I haue handled Baiazeth.
These Moores that drew him from Bythinia,
To faire Damascus, where we now remaine,
Shall leade him with vs where so ere we goe:
Techelles and my louing followers,
Now may we see Damascus lofties Towers,
Like to the shadowes of Pyramides,
That with their beauties grac'd the Memphian fields
The golden statues of their feathered Birds

That spreades her wings vpon the Cittie walles,
Shall not defend it from our battering shot:
The Townesmen maske in silke and cloath of golde,
And every house is as a treasury:
The men, the treasure, and the towne is ours.

Ther. Your tents of white now pitch'd before the gates
And gentle flags of amitie displaid,
I doubt not but the gouernor will yeeld,
Offering Damascus to your Maiestie.

Tam. So shall hee haue his life, and all the rest:
But if he stay vntill the bloody flag
Be once aduaunc'd on my Vermilion tent,
Ye dies, and those that kept vs out so long:
And when they see me march in blacke array,
With mournefull streamers hanging down their heads
Were in that citie all the world contain'd,
Not one should scape: but perish by our swords.

Zen. Yet would you haue some pittie for my sake,
Because it is my Countries and my Fathers.

Tam. Not for the world Zenocrate, if I haue swore:
Come bring in the turke. Exeunt.

Actus. 4. Scæna. 3

Souldane, Arabia, Capoline, with streaming collours and Souldiours.

Sould. METhinkes we march as Meleager did,
Enuiron'd with braue Argolian knights
to chace the sauage Calcedonian Boare,
Or Cephalus with Thebane youthes,
Against the Wolfe that angry Themis sent,
to waste and spoyle the sweete Aonian fields,
A monster of fiue hundred thousand heads,
Compact of Rapine, pyracie and spoyle:
the scum of men, the hate and scourge of God,
Raues in Egyptia, and annoyeth vs:
My Lord, it is the bloody Tamburlaine,
A sturdie Felon, and a base bred theefe:

By murther raiſed to the Perſean Crowne,
that dare controle vs in our territories.
to tame the pride of this preſumptuous beaſt,
Joyne your Arabians with the Souldans power,
Let vs vnite our Royall handes in one,
and haſten to remoone Damaſcus ſiedge,
It is a blemiſh to the maieſtie
and high eſtate of mightie Emperors,
that ſuch a baſe vſurping vagabond
Should braue a King, or weare a princely Crowne.

Ara. Renowned Souldane, haue ye lately heard
the ouerthrow of mightie Baiazeth,
About the confines of Bithinia?
the ſlauery wherewith he perſecutes
the Noble turke and his great Empreſſe?

Soul. I haue, and ſorrow for his bad ſucceſſe
But Noble Lord of great Arabia,
Be ſo perſwaded that the Souldane is
No more diſmaid with tydings of his fall,
Than in the hauen when the Pilot ſtandes
and viewes a ſtrangers ſhip rent in the windes
and ſhiuered againſt a craggie rocke:
Yet in compaſſion of his wretched ſtate,
A ſacred vow to heauen and him I make,
Confirming it with Ibis holy name,
that Tamburlaine ſhall rue the day and houre,
Wherein he wrought ſuch ignominious wrong.
Vnto the hallowed perſon of a Prince,
Or kept the faire Zenocrate ſo long,
as concubine (I feare) to feede his luſt.

Ara. Let griefe and furie haſten on reuenge,
Let Tamburline for his offences feele
Such plagues as heauen and we can poure on him,
I long to breake my ſpeare vpon his creſt,
and proone the waight of his victorious arme:
For fame I feare hath beene to prodigall
In ſounding through the world his partiall praiſe.
Soul. Capolin, haſt thou ſurueid our powers?

Cap. Great Emperours of Egypt and Arabia,
The number of your hostes united is,
A hundred and fiftie thousand Horse,
Two hundred thousand foote, braue men at armes,
Courageous, full of hardinesse:
As liuelike as the hunters in the chace
Of sauage Beasts amid the desart woodes.
Arab. My minde presageth fortunate successe,
And Tamburlaine, my spirit doth foresee
The vtter ruine of thy men and thee. (Drummes
Soul. Then reare your Standards, let your sounding
Direct our Souldiours to Damascus walles,
Now Tamburlaine the mightie Souldane comes,
And leades with him the great Arabian King,
To dim the basenesse of obscuritie:
Famous for nothing but for theft and spoyle:
To race and scatter thy inglorious crue
Of Scythians and slauish Persians. Exeunt

Actus. 4. Scena. 4

The banquet, & to it commeth Tamburlaine al in Scarlet, Theridamas, Techelles, Vsumcasane, the Turke, with others.

Tam. NOw hang our bloody collours by Damascus,
Reflexing hewes of blood vpon their heads,
While they walke quiuering on their City Walles,
Halfe dead for feare before they feele my wrath,
Then let vs freely banquet and carouse
Full bowles of wine vnto the God of warre,
That meanes to fill your Helmets full of golde:
And make Damascus spoyles as rich to you,
As was to Iason Colchos golden Fleece:
And now Baiazeth, hast thou any stomacke?
Bai. I such a stomach (cruell Tamburlaine) as I could willingly feede vpon thy blood-raw heart.
Tam. Nay, thine owne is easier to come by, pluck out And twill serue thee & thy wife: (thal
Techelles, and the rest fall to your victuals:
Bai. Fall to and neuer may your meate digest:

ye furies that can walke inuisible,
Diue to the bottome of Auernas poole,
And in your hands bring hellish poyson vp,
And squease it in the cup of Tamburlaine:
Or winged Snakes of Lerna cast your stinges,
And leaue your venoms in this tyrants dish.

Zab. And may this banquet proue as ominous,
As Prognes to th'adulterous Thracian King,
That fed vpon the substance of his childe.

Zen. My Lord, how can you suffer these outragious curses by these slaues of yours?

Tam. To let them see, diuine Zenocrate,
I glory in the curses of my foes:
Hauing the power from the imperiall heauen,
To turne them all vpon their proper heads.

Techel. I pray you giue them leaue Adam, this speech is a good refreshing to them.

Ther. But if his Highnesse would let them be fed, it would doe them more good.

Tam. Sirra, why fall ye not too, are you so daintily brought vp, you cannot eat your owne flesh?

Ba. First legions of Deuils shall teare thee in peeces.

Vsum. Villain, knowst thou to whome thou speakst.

Tam. O let him alone there, eate sir, take it vp from my swords point, or ile thrust it to thy heart.

He takes it and stamps vpon it.

Ther. He stamps it vnder his feete my Lord.

Tam. Take it vp villaine and eate it, or I will make thee fleece the brawnes of thy armes into carbonadoes, and eate them.

Vsum. May, t'were better he kild his wife, and then she shal be sure not to be staru'd, and he be prouided for a monthes victuall before hand.

Tam. Heere is my dagger, dispatch her while she is fat, for if she liue but a while longer, she will fall into a consumption with fretting, then she wil not be worth the eating.

Ther Doest thou thinke that Mahomet wil suffer this
Tech. Tis like he will, when he cannot let it.
Tam. Go to, fall to your meate, what not a bit? belike
he hath not beene watred to day: giue him some drinke.
They giue him water to drinke, and he flings it
on the ground.
Fast and welcome sir, while hunger make you eate:
How now Zenocrate, dooth not the turke and his wife
make a goodly show at a banquet?
Zen. Yes, my Lord: (sort of musicke.
Ther. We thinkes tis a greate deale better then a con-
Tam. Yet musicke would doe well to cheare vp Zeno-
crate: pray thee tell, why art thou so sad? If thou wilt
haue a song, the Turke shall straine his voice: but why
is it?
Zen. My Lord to see my fathers towne besiedg'd,
The countrie wasted where my selfe was borne:
How can it but afflict my verie soule?
If any loue remaine in you my Lord,
Or if my loue vnto your maiestie
May merrit fauour at your Highnesse hands,
Then raise your siedge from faire Damascus walles,
And with my father take a friendly truce.
Tam. Zenocrate, were Egipt Ioues owne land,
Yet would I with my sword make Ioue to stoope,
I will confute those blinde Geographers
That make a triple region in the world,
Excluding regions which I meane to trace,
and with this pen reduce them to a map,
Calling the prouinces, citties, and townes,
After my name and thine Zenocrate:
Heere at Damascus will I make the point
That shall begin the perpendicular.
And wouldst thou haue me buy my fathers loue
With such a losse: Tel me Zenocrate?
Zen. Honor still waite on happy Tamburlaine,
Yet giue me leaue to pleade for him my Lord,
Tam: Content thy selfe, his person shall be safe,

And

And all the friendes of faire Zenocrate,
If with their liues, they will be pleas'd to yeelde,
Or may be forc'd to make me Emperour:
For Egypt and Arabia must be mine,
Feed you slaue, thou maist thinke thy selfe happie to bee fed from my Trencher.

Bai. My empty stomacke full of idle heate,
Drawes bloody humors from my feeble parts,
Preseruing life, by hastening cruell death:
My vainss are pale, my sinewes hard and drie,
My ioyntes be numb'd, vnlesse I eate I die.

Zab. Eate Baiazeth, let vs liue in spite of them,
Looking some happie power will pittie & enlarge vs.

Tam. Heere turke, wilt thou haue a cleane trencher?

Bai. I tyrant, and more meate.

Tam. Soft sir, you must be dieted, too much eating will make you surfet?

Ther. So it would my Lord, especially hauing so smal a walke, and so little exercise.

Enter a second course of Crownes.

Tam. Theridamas, Techelles and Casane, here are the cates you desire to finger, are they not?

Ther. I (my Lord) but none saue Kinges must feede with these.

Tech. Tis enough for vs to see them, and for Tamburlaine, onely to enioy them.

Tam. Well heere is now to the Soudane of Egypt, the King of Arabia, and the Gouernour of Damascus: Now take these three crownes and pledge me my contributory Kings.

I crowne you heere (Theridamas) king of Argier, Techelles King of Fesse, and Vsumcasane King of Morocus. How say you to this (Turke) these are not your contributorie Kings.

Bai. Nor shall they long be thine, I warrant them.

Tam. Kings of Argier, Morocus, and of Fesse,

You

You that haue marcht with happie Tamburlaine,
As farre as from the frozen place of heauen,
Vnto the watry mornings ruddy bower.
And thence by land vnto the Torrid zone,
Deserue these tytles I endow you with.
By value and by magnamitie.
Your birthes shall be no blemish to your fame.
For vertue is the fount where honor springs,
And they are worthie: she inuesteth Kings.

Ther. And since your Highnesse hath so wel vouchsaft
If we deserue them not with higher meedes
Then erst our states and actions haue retain'd
Take them away and make vs slaues.

Tam. Well said Theridamas, when holy Fates,
Shall stablish me in strong Egiptia,
We meane to trauaile to the Antartique Pole,
Conquering the people vnderneath our feete,
And be renown'd as neuer Emperours were.
Zenocrate, I will not crowne thee yet,
Vntill with greater honors I be grac'd.

Finis. Actus quarti.

Actus. 5. Scæna. 1.

The gouernor of Damasco, with three or foure Citizens and foure virgins with branches of Laurell in their hands.

Gouer. Stil dooth this man or rather God of warre,
Batter our walles, & beat our Turrets down
And to resist with longer stubbornnesse,
Or hope of rescue from the Soudans power,
Were but to bring our wilfull ouerthrowe,
And make vs desperate of our threatned liues:
Wee see his Tents haue now beene altered,
With terrors to the last and cruelst hew,
His cole-blacke colours euery where aduaunst,
Threaten our Cittie with a generall spoyle:
And if we should with common rites of Armes,

Offer

Offer our lasties to his clemencey,
I feare the custome proper to his sword,
which he observes as parcel of his fame,
Intending so to terrifie the world,
By any intercession or remorse:
Will never be dispenc'd with till our deaths:
Therefore, for these our harmelesse Virgins sake,
Whose honors, and whose lives relie on him,
Let vs have hope that their bespotted prayers,
Their blubbered cheekes, and hartie humble mones
Will melt his furie into some remorse,
and vse vs like a loving Conquerour.

Virg. Humble suites or imprecations
(vttered with teares of wretchednesse and blood,
Shed from the hands and hearts of all our Sexe,
Some made your wives, and some your Children)
Might haue intreated pour obdurate breastes,
To entertaine some care of our seruities,
Whiles onely danger beate vpon our Walles,
These more then dangerous warrants of our death,
Had neuer beene erected as they be,
Nor you depend on such weake help as we.

Go. Well, lonely Virgins, thinke our countries care
Our loue of honor loath to be enthrall'd
To forraine powers, and rough imperious yokes,
Would not with two much cowardize for feare,
Before all hope of rescue were denied,
Submit your selues and vs to seruitude:
Therfore in that your safeties and our owne:
Your honors, liberties, and lives seem weigh'd,
In equall care and ballance with our owne,
Endure as we the malice of our Stars,
The wrath of Tamburlaine, and powers of warres,
Or be the meanes the ouerweighing heauens
Haue kept to qualifie these hot extremes
And bring vs pardon in your chearefull lookes.

2. Virg. Then heere before the Maiestie of heauen,

And holy patrones of Egyptia,
With knees and hearts submisstiue we intreate,
Grace to our woꝛds and pittie to our lookes,
That this deuise may pꝛooue pꝛopitious,
And thꝛough the eyes and eares of Tamburlaine,
Conuay euents of mercy to his heart.
Graunt that these signes of victoꝛie wee yeeld,
May binde the temples of his conquering head,
To hide the solued furrowes of his bꝛowes,
And shadow his displeased countenance,
With happie lookes of ruth and lenitie,
Leaue vs my Loꝛd, and louing countrimen,
What simple Virgins may perswade, we will.

Go. Farwell (sweet Virgins) on whose safe returne
Depends our Citie, Libertie, and lines. Exeunt.

Actus. 5. Scæna. 2.

Tamburlaine, Techelles, Theridamas, Vsumcasane, with others, Tamburlaine all in blacke, and verye [illegible] melancholie. (neatest

Tam. What, [illegible]e the Turtles fraid out of their
alas poꝛ soules, must you be first shal feele
The swoꝛne destruction of Damascus,
They know my custome, could they not as well,
Haue sent ye out, when first my milke-white flags
Thꝛough which sweet mercy thꝛew her gentle beams
Reflexing them on your disdainefull eyes,
and now when furie and incensed hate
Flings slaughtering terrour from my coale-blacke tent,
and tels foꝛ truth submissions comes to late.

1. Virg. Woꝛke happie King & Emperour of the earth
Image of honoꝛ and Nobilitie,
Foꝛ whome the powers diuine haue made the woꝛld,
and on whose thꝛoane the holy Graces sit,
In whose sweet person is compꝛis'd the summe
Of natures skill and heauenly Maiestie,
Pittie our plightes, O pittie poꝛe Damascus,

pittie

Pittie olde age, within whose siluer haires,
Honor and reuerence euermore haue raign'd,
Pittie the mariage bed where many a Lord
In prime and glory of his louing ioy
Embraceth now with teares and ruth of blood,
The iealous bodie of his fearefull wife,
Whose cheekes and hearts so punisht with conceite,
To thinke thy puissant neuer stayed arme
Will part their bodies, and preuent their soules
From heauens of comfort, yet their age might beare,
Now ware all pale and withered to the death,
As well for griefe our ruthlesse Gouernour
Hath thus refusde the mercy of thy hand,
(Whose Scepter Angels kisse, and Furies dread)
as for their liberties, their loues or liues.
O then for these and such as we our selues,
For vs, for Infants and for all our bloods,
That neuer nourish thought against thy rule:
Pittie, O pittie (sacred Emperour)
The prostrate seruice of this wretched towne,
and take in signe thereof this gilded wreath,
Whereto each man of rule hath giuen his hand,
and wish as worthy subiects happie meanes,
To be inuesters of thy royall browes,
Euen with the true Egiptian Diadem.

Tam. Virgins, in vaine ye labour to preuent
That which mine honor sweares shall be performd:
Behold my sword, what see you at the point?

Virg. Nothing but feare and fatall steele my Lord.

Tam. Your fearefull mindes are thicke & misty then,
For their sits death, there sits imperious death,
Keeping his circuit by the slycing edge.
But I am pleasde you shall not see him there,
He now is seated on my horsemens speares,
and on their points his fleshlesse body feedes.
Techelles, straight goe charge a few of them,
To charge these Dames, and shew my Seruant death

Sitting in Scarlet on their armed Speares.

Omnes. O pittie vs.

Tam. Away with them I say, and shew them death,

They take them away.

I will not spare these proud Egiptians,
Nor change my martiall obseruations,
For all the wealth of Gehons golden wapes,
Or for the loue of Venus, would she leaue
The angry God of Armes, and lie with me:
They haue refusde the offer of their liues,
And know my customes are as peremptorie,
As wrathfull Planets, death, or destinie:

Enter Techelles.

What haue your horsemen shewen the virgins death?

Tech. They haue my Lord and on Damascus Walls,
Haue hoisted vp their slaughtered carkasses.

Tam. A sight as banefull to their soules I thinke,
As are Thessalian drugs or Mithridate.
But goe my Lords, put the rest to the sword. Exeunt.
Ah faire Zenocrate, diuine Zenocrate,
Faire is too foule an Epithite for thee,
That in thy passion for thy countries loue,
And feare to see thy kingly fathers harme,
With haire disheueld wip'st thy watery cheekes,
And like to Flora in her morning pride,
Shaking her siluer treshes, in the ayre,
Rain'st on the earth resolued pearle in showers,
And sprinklest Saphires on thy shining face,
Where beauty, mother to the Muses sits,
And comments volumes with her yuorie pen,
Taking instructions from thy flowing eyes,
Eyes when that Ebena steps to heauen,
In silence of thy solemne euenings walke,
making the mantle of the richest night.
The Moone, the planets, and the meteors light.
There Angels in their Christall armours fights.
A doubtfull battell with my tempted thoughtes,

For

For Egipts freedome and the Soudans life:
His life that so consumes Zenocrate,
Whose sorrowes lay more siedge vnto my soule,
Then all my Army to Damascus walles.
And neither Persians Soueraigne, nor the Turke
Troubled my senses with conceite of foyle,
So much by much, as doth Zenocrate:
What is beauty saith my suffrings then?
If all the pens that euer Poets held,
Had fed the feeling of their Maisters thoughts,
and euery sweetenesse that inspired their hearts,
Their minds and muses on admired theames,
If all the heauenly Quintesence they still
From their immortall flowers of Poesie,
Wherein as in a mirrour we perceiue,
The highest reaches of a humaine wit,
If these had made one Poems period
and all combin'd in beauties worthinesse,
Yet should there houer in their restlesse heads,
One thought, one grace, one wonder at the least,
Which into words no vertue can digest:
But how vnseemely is it for my sere.
My discipline of Armes and Chiualrie,
My nature and the terrour of my name,
To harbour thoughts effeminate and faint?
Saue onely that in Beauties iust applause
With whose instinct the soule of man is touch't
And euerie warriour that is rapt with loue,
Of fame, of valour, and of victorie,
Must needes haue beautie beate on his conceites,
I thus conceiuing and subduing both,
That which hath stopt the tempest of the Gods,
Euen from the spangled starrie walls of heauen,
To feele the louely warmth of Shepheards flames,
and march in coathes of strowd weeues:
Shall giue the world to note for all my birth,
That vertue solely is the summe of glorie,

And fashions men with true nobilitie.
Whoe's within there?

Enter two or three.

Hath Baiazeth beene fed to day?
An. I, my Lord.
Tam. Bring him foorth, and let vs know if the town be ransackt.

Enter Techelles, Theridamas, Vsumcasane, with others.

Tech. The Towne is ours my Lord, and fresh supply of conquest, and of spoyle is offered vs.
Tam. That's well Techelles, what's the newes?
Tech. The Souldane and the Arabian King together march on vs with such eager violence,
As if there were no way but one with vs.
Tam. No more there is not I warrant thee Techelles.

They bring in the Turke.

Ther. We know the victorie is ours my Lord,
But let vs saue the reuerent Souldans life
For faire Zenocrate, that so laments his state.
Tam. That will we chiefly see vnto Theridamas
For sweete Zenocrate, whose worthinesse
Deserues a conquest ouer euery heart:
And now my footestoole, if I loose the field,
You hope of libertie and restitution:
Heere let him stay my maisters from the Tents,
Till we haue made vs ready for the field:
Pray for vs Baiazeth, we are going. Exeunt.
Bai. Goe, neuer to returne with victorie,
Millions of men encompasse thee about,
And gore thy bodie with as many wounds,
Sharpe forked arrowes light vpon thy horse:
Furies from the blacke Cocitus lake,
Breake vp the earth, and with their fire brands
Enforce thee runne vpon the banefull pikes:
Volleyes of shot pierce through thy charmed skin,
And euery bullet dipt in poysoned drugs,

Or roaring Canons sever all thy ioyntes,
Making thee mount as high as Eagles soare:
Zab. Let all the swords and Launces in the field,
Sticke in his breast, as in their proper roomes,
At euery dore let blood come dropping foorth,
That lingring paines may massacre his heart,
And madnesse send his damned soule to hell.
Bai. Ah faire Zabina, we may curse his power.
The heauens may frowne, the earth for anger quake,
But such a star hath influence in his sword,
As rules the Skies, and countermaunds the Gods,
More then Cymerian, Stix, or Destiny:
And then shall we in this detested guise,
With shame, with hunger, and with horror aye,
Griping our bowels with retortued thoughts,
and haue no hope to end our extasies.
Zab. Then, is there left no Mahomet, no God,
No fiend, no fortune, nor no hope of end.
To our infamous monstrous slaueries?
Gape earth, and let the fiends infernall view,
As hell, as hopelesse, and as full of feare
as are the blasted banks of Erebus:
Where shaking ghosts with euer howling grones,
Houer about the vgly ferriman, to get a passage to Eli-
Why should we liue, O wretches, beggars, slaues (fian
Why liue we Baiazeth, and build vp nestes,
So high within the Region of the ayre,
By liuing long in this oppression,
That all the world will see and laugh to scorne,
The former tryumphs of our mightinesse
In this obscure infernall seruitude?
Bai. O life more loathsome to my vexed thought
Then noysome parbreake of the Stygian Snakes,
Which fils the nookes of hell with standing ayre,
Infecting all the ghostes with cureless griefes,
O deary engines of my loathed sight,
That sees my crowne, my honor and my name,

Thrust

Scull

Thrust vnder yoke and thraldome of a theese:
Why feede you still on daies accursed beames,
And sinke not quite into my tortur'd soule.
You see my wife, my Queene and Emperesse,
Brought vp and propped by the hand of fame,
Queene of fifteene contributory Queenes,
Now throwne to rowmes of blacke obiection,
Smear'd with blots of basest drudgery:
And villanesse to shame disdaine and misery:
accursed Baiazeth, whose words of truth,
That would with pittie cheare Zabinas heart:
and make our soules resolue in ceaslesse teares,
Sharpe hunger bites vpon and gripes the roote:
From whence the issues of my thoughtes doe breake,
O poore zabina, O my Queene, my Queene,
Fetch me some water for my burning breast
To coole and comfort me with longer date,
That in the shortned sequele of my life.
I may poure foorth my soule into thine armes
With words of loue: whose moaning entercourse,
Hath heither to beene staid, with wrath and hate,
Of our expreslesse band inflictions.

zab. Sweet Baiazeth, I will prolong thy life,
as long as any blood or sparke of breath,
Can quench or coole the torments of my griefe.

She goes out.

Bai. Now Baiazeth, abridge thy banefull daies,
and beate the braines out of thy conquer'd head,
Since other meanes are all forbidden me,
That may be ministers of my decay.
O highest lampe of euerlasting Ioue,
Accursed day infected with my griefes,
Hide now thy stayned face in endlesse night:
and shut the windowes of the lightsome heauens.
Let vglie darkenesse with her rusty coach
Engirt with tempests wrapt in pitchy cloudes,
Smother the earth with neuer fading mistes,

And let her horses from their nostrels breath,
Rebellious windes and dreadefull thunder claps,
That in this terrour Tamburlaine may liue:
And my pin'd soule resolu'd in liquid ayre,
May still excruciate his tormented thoughts.
Then let the stonie dart of sencelesse colde,
Pierce through the center of my withered heart,
And make a passage for my loathed life.

He braines himselfe against the cage.

Enter Zabina.

zab. What doe mine eyes behold, my husband dead?
His skul all riuen in twaine, his braines dasht out?
The braines of Baiazeth, my Lord and Soueraigne?
O Baiazeth, my husband and my Lord,
O Baiazeth! O Turke! O Emperour! giue him his liquor, not I, bring milke & fire, & my blood I bring him againe, teare me in pieces, giue me the sword with a ball of wilde-fire vpō it, down wt him, down with him. Goe to my childe, away, away, away, ah saue that infant, saue him, saue him: I euen I speake to her: the Sunne was down. Streamers white, red, black, here, here, here Fling the meat in his face. Tamburlaine, Tamburlaine, hel make ready my Coach, my chaire, my Jewels. I come, I come.

She runs against the Cage and braines herselfe.

Enter Zenocrate with Anippe.

Zen, Wretched zenocrate, that liuest to see
Damascus walles dy'd with Egiptians blood,
Thy fathers Subiects and thy Countriemen:
Thy streetes strewed with dissenered ioynts of men,
And wounded bodies gasping yet for life,
But most accurst to see the sunne bright troope,
Of heauenly virgins and vnspotted Maides,
Whose lookes might make the angry God of armes,
To breake his sword, and mildely treat of loue,
On horsemens Lances to be hoisted vp,

And guiltlesselie induce a cruell death.
For euery fell and stout Tartarian steed,
That stampt on others with their thundring hookes,
When all their riders charg'd their quiuering speares,
Began to checke the ground, and raine themselues,
Gazing vpon the beautie of their lookes:
Ah tamburlaine, wert thou the cause of this,
That tearm'st zenocrate thy dearest loue?
Whose liues were dearer to zenocrate,
Then her owne life, or ought saue thine owne loue,
But see another bloody spectakle!
Ah wretched eyes, the enemies of my heart,
How are ye glutted with these greeuous obiectes,
And tell my soule more tales of bleeding ruthe?
See, see Anippe, if they breath or no?

Anip. No breath, nor sence, nor motion in them both
Ah Madam, this their slauerie hath inforc'd,
And ruthlesse crueltie of Tamburlaine.

zen. Earth cast vp fountaines from thine entrals,
And wet thy cheekes for their vntimely deaths,
Shake with their waight in signe of feare and griefe,
Blush heauen that gaue them honor at their birth,
And let them die a death so barbarous.
Those that are proud of fickle Emperie,
And place their chiefest good in earthly pompe,
Behold the Turke and his great Emperesse,
Ah Tamburlaine, my loue sweet Tamburlaine,
That fightst for Scepters, and for slippery crownes,
Behold the Turke and his great Emperesse,
Thou that in conduct of thy happy Starrs,
Sleep'st euery night with conquest on thy browes,
And yet wouldst shun the wauering turnes of warre,
In feare and feeling of the like distresse,
Behold the Turke and his great Emperesse,
ah mightie Ioue and holy Mahomet,
Pardon my Loue, oh pardon his contempt
Of earthly fortune, and respect of pittie,

And let not conquest ruthlesly pursude,
Be equally against his life incenst,
In this great Turke and hapless Empresse:
and pardon me, that was not moou'd with ruth,
To see them liue so long in miserie,
ah what may chance to thee Zenocrate?

Anip. Madam content your selfe and be resolu'd,
Your loue hath fortune so at his commaund,
That she shall stay, and turne her wheele no more,
as long as life maintaines his mightie arme,
That fights for honour to adorne your head.

Enter a Messenger.

Zen. What other heauy newes now brings Philemus?

Phi. Madam, your Father, and the Arabian King,
The first affecter of your excellence,
Comes now as Turnus gainst Eneas did,
armed with Lance into the Egiptian fields,
Ready for battell gainst my Lord the King.

Zen. Now shame and duety, loue and feare presents
A thousand sorrowes to my martyrd soule,
Whome should I wish the fatall victorie,
When my poore pleasures are deuided thus?
And rackt by duetie from my cursed heart,
My Father and my first betrothed lorde.
Must fight against my life and present loue:
Wherein the change I vse condemnes my faith,
And makes my deedes infamous through the world,
But as the Gods to end the Troyans toyle,
Preuented Turnus of Lauinia,
And fatally enricht Eneas loue:
So for a finall ende to my griefes,
To pacifie my Countrie and my loue,
Must Tamburlaine by their resistless powers,
With vertue of a gentle victorie,
Conclude a league of honor to my hope.
Then as the powers diuine haue preordain'd,

With happie safetie of my fathers life,
Send like defence of faire Arabia.

They sound to the Battell, and Tamburlaine enioyes the victorie, after Arabia enters wounded.

Ara. What cursed power guides the murthering hands
Of this infamous tyrants Souldiours,
That no escape may saue their enemies,
Nor fortune keepe themselues from victorie:
Lye downe Arabia wounded to the death,
and let Zonocrates faire eyes behold
That as for her thou bear'st these wretched armes,
Euen so for her thou dyest in these armes,
Leaning thy blood for witnesse of thy loue.

Zen. No deare s witnesse for such loue my Lord,
Beholde Zenocrate, the cursed obiect
Whose fortunes neuer mastered her griefes:
Behold her wounded in conceite for thee,
As much as thy faire body is for me.

Ar. Then shall I die with full contented heart,
Hauing beheld diuine Zenocrate,
Whose sight with ioy would take away my life,
As now it bringeth sweetnesse to my wound,
If I had not been wounded as I am.
Ah that the deadely pangues I suffer now,
Would lend an howers licence to my tongue,
To make discourse of some sweete accidents,
Hane chanc'd thy merrits in this worthlesse bondage,
And that I might be pitty to the stake,
Of thy deseru'd contentment and thy loue:
But making now a vertue of thy sight,
To driue all sorrow from my fainting soule,
Since death denyes me further cause of ioy,
Depriu'd of care, my heart with comfort dies,
Since thy desired hand shall close mine eyes.

Enter Tam.

Enter Tamburlaine leading the Souldane, Techelles, Theridamas, Vsumcasane, with others.

Tam. Come happy father of Zenocrate,
A title higher than thy Souldanes name:
Though my right hand hath thus enthralled thee,
Thy princely Daughter heere shall set thee free.
She that hath calmde the fury of my sword,
Which had ere this bin bath'd in streames of blood,
As vast and deepe as Euphrates or Nile.
zen. O sight thrise welcome to my ioyfull soule,
To see the king my father issue safe,
From danger of his battell of my conquering loue.
Soul. Well met my onely deare zenocrate,
Though with the losse of Egypt and my crowne,
Tam. 'Twas I my Lord that gat the victorie,
And therefore grieue not at your ouerthrowe:
Since I shall render all into your hands,
And adde more strength to your Dominions
Then euer yet confirm'd th' Egiptian crowne.
The God of war resignes his roome to me,
Meaning to make me generall of the world,
Ioue viewing me in armes, lookes pale and wan,
Fearing my power shall pull him from his throane.
Where-ere I come the fatall Sisters sweare,
And grisly death by running to and fro.
To doe their ceaselesse homage to my sword:
and heere in Affricke where it seldome raines.
Since I arriu'd with my triumphant hoste, (wounds
Haue swelling cloudes drawne from wide gaping
Been oft resolu'd in bloody purple showers.
A meteor that might terrifie the earth,
and make it quake at euery drop it drinkes.
Millions of soules sit on the banks of Styx,
Waiting the backe returne of Charons boate,
Hell and Elisian swarme with ghostes of men.
That I haue sent from sundrie foughten fields,

To spread my fame through hell, and vp to heauen:
And see, my Lord, a sight of strange import
Emperours and Kings lie breathlesse at my feete,
The Turke and his great Empresse, as it seemes
Left to themselues while we were at the fight,
Haue desperately dispatcht their slauish liues,
With them Arabia too hath left his life,
All sightes of power to grace my victorie:
and such are obiects fit for Tamburlaine.
Wherein as in a mirrour may be seene,
His honor, that consists in shedding blood,
When men presume to manage armes with him.

Soul. Mighty hath God and Mahomet made thy hand
(Renowned Tamburlaine) to whome all Kings
Of force must yeeld their crownes and Emperies,
and I am pleas'd with this my ouerthrowe,
If as beseemes a person of thy state,
Thou hast with honor vsde Zenocrate.

Tam. Her state and person wants no pompe you see,
And for all blot of foule inchastitie,
I record heauen, her heauenly selfe is cleere,
Then let me finde no further time to grace
Her princely temples with the Persian Crowne,
But heere these Kinges that on my fortunes waite,
And haue beene crown'd for prowes worthinesse,
Euen by this hand that shall establish them,
Shal now, adioyning all their handes with mine,
Inuest her heere my Queene of Persea.
What saith the Noble Soudane and Zenocrate?

Soul. I yeeld with thankes and protestations,
Of endlesse honour to thee for her loue.

Tam. Then doubt not I but faire Zenocrate
Will soone consent to satisfie vs both.

Zen. Else should I much forget my selfe my Lord.

Ther. Then let vs set the crowne vpon her head,
That long hath lingred for so high a seate.

Tech. My hand is ready to performe the deede,

For now her marriage time shall worke vs rest,
Vsum. and heer's the crowne my Lord, helps set it on.
Tam. Then sit thou downe (divine Zenocrate)
And heere we crowne thee Queene of Persia,
And all the kingdomes and Dominions
That late the power of Tamburlaine subdude,
As Iuno, when the Gyants were suppressed,
That darted mountaines at her Brother Ioue,
So lookes my loue, shadowing in her browes,
Triumphes and Trophées for my victories:
Or as Latonas daughter bent to armes,
Adding more courage to my conquering minde,
To gratifie the sweete Zenocrate,
Egiptians, Moores, and men of Asia,
From Barbarie vnto the Westerne Indie,
Shall pay a yearely tribute to thy Sire,
And from the bounds of Affricke to the bankes
Of Ganges, shall his mightie arme extend.
and now my Lords and louing followers,
That purchas'd Kingdomes by your martiall deedes,
Cast off your armour, put on Scarlet robes,
Mount vp your royall places of estate,
Environed with troopes of noble men,
and there make lawes to rule your prouinces.
Hang vp your weapons on Alcides poste,
For Tamburlaine takes truce with all the world.
Thy first betrothed Loue Arabia
Shal we with honor (as beseemes) entombe
With this greate Turke, and his faire Emperesse,
Then after all these solemne Exequies,
We will our celebrated rites of marriage solemnize.

FINIS.